THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, ... $2,00
Four copies " 6,00
Eight " " and one to getter up of club, 12,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club, 25,00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.—For the SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM see Prospectus, on the inside of the paper.

For $3 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty-six cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and one or three cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (*no exchange*) *payable to our order*.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

I AM PROUD OF MY BOY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The snows of winter have fallen twice
Since the soldier's garb was thine;
Since thine ear has heard a mother's voice,
Twice have they burdened the pine.

But listen again to words of hers,
They cannot have lost their charm,
And carry them with thee as a shield,
They may guard thy soul from harm.

A few brief words, "I am proud of my boy,"
But they were not lightly said,
And if thy soul is akin to hers
They will not be lightly read.

She is proud of her boy, but not as of old,
When her lips first touched thy brow,
She was proud of her first born then perchance,
But never then proud as now.

She is proud that our list of volunteers
For so long has borne thy name,
She is proud that on hard fought battle-fields
Thou hast won a soldier's fame.

But here was no painless sacrifice
When our country's strife waxed hot,
Though freely she gave her only son,
His perils were not forgot.

She knew that about the soldier's path
There are dangers thickly spread,
That even the soul may not escape,
And that path her boy must tread.

There are guards around the soldier's camp,
For they know their wily foe;
May thy soul be ever guarded close,
It deals with a subtler foe.

Remember this, for thy mother's sake,
Lest aught should her pride alloy,
For if thou shouldst to the tempter yield,
Could she be proud of her boy?

There will come times of weariness,
Thou wilt weary of the strife,
And thy heart will long for freedom from
The ties of a soldier's life.

But be strong to await the day of peace,
Though it lingers on the way;
And forfeit in nought thy mother's pride,
While waiting for that blest day.

And may God be with thee as a shield,
That thou mayest return with joy,
And hear ere long from thy mother's lips
That she is proud of her boy.

EHRGN.

LEE RETREATING ACROSS THE POTOMAC TO VIRGINIA, ABOVE WILLIAMSPORT, JULY 13.—ENGRAVED FROM FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE REVELATION OF MR. JAMES SANDERS.

George Ryle speedily found the men spoken of by Hatch as having been partakers of the conversation in the sheep-pen. But he could gather no more certainty from them than Miss Diana had gathered from Hatch. Upon endeavoring to trace the report to its source—or, rather, to whence they heard it—he succeeded in finding out that one man alone had brought it to the Hold; that it was he who had told the rest. This man declared he heard it from his wife, and that his wife had heard it from Mrs. Sanders.

Away sped George Ryle to the cottage of Mrs. Sanders. He went through the small grove of trees, spoken of in connection with this fresh story; it was decidedly the nearest way to Barbrook and to the cottage from the upper road, but it was lonely and not much frequented. He found the woman busy at the work which Mr. Dumps's interruption had not allowed her to finish on the previous day—washing. With some unwillingness on her part, and much circumlocution, George drew from her her tale. And to that evening we may as well go back for a few minutes, for we shall arrive at the conclusion much quicker than Mrs. Sanders will tell it us.

It was dark when she walked home from Barmester—Mr. Dumps not having had the politeness to drive her—and she found her kitchen as she had left it. Her children—she had three besides Jim—were out in the world, Jim alone being at home with her. Mrs. Sanders lighted a candle, and surveyed the scene of discomfort: grate, black and cold; washing tub on the wooden bench, wet clothes lying over it; bricks, sloppy. "Drat that old Dumps!" ejaculated she. "I'd serve him out if I could. And I'd like to serve out that Jim, too. This comes of his dancing up to the Hold after Bridget with that precious puppy!"

She put things tolerably straight for the night, got herself some tea, and then set to thinking. Where *was* Jim? What had become of him? And did he or did he not have anything to do with the fire? Never wilfully; she could answer for that; but accidentally? She looked into vacancy and shook her head in a timorsome and doubtful manner, for she knew that torches in rick-yards might prove dangerous adjuncts.

"I wonder what they could do to him for't, happen they proved as it were a spark from his torch?" she deliberated. "Sure they'd never transport for a accident! Dumps said as transportation was too good for Jim, but—"

The self-colloquy was interrupted. The door burst open, and no less a personage entered than Jim himself. And Jim, as it appeared was in a state of fright, of agitation; his breath was coming fast, and his eyes had a wild, terrified stare in them.

With his presence, Mrs. Sanders's maternal apprehensions for his future safety merged into anger. She laid hold of Jim and shook him—shook him kindly, as she expressed it; but poor Jim did not find much kindness in it.

"I say, mother, what's that for?"

"That's what it's for," retorted the mother, giving him a sound box on the ear. "You'll dance out with puppies again up to that good-for-nothing miex of a Bridget!—and you'll set rick-yards a-fire!—and you'll go off and hide yourself, and let the place be searched by the perlice!—and me be drawed into trouble with it, and took off by that insolent Dumps in a stuck-up gig to Barmester, and lugged afore the court! You'll do that again, won't you? Now, where have you been?"

Jim made no return in kind. All the spirit the boy possessed seemed to have gone out of him. He sat down meekly on a broken chair and began to shiver. "Don't, mother," said he, "I've got a fright."

"Got a fright!" indignantly responded Mrs. Sanders. "And what sort of a fright do you suppose you have give to others? Happen Madam Chattaway might have died of it, they say. *You* talk of a fright! Who else hasn't been in a fright since you took the torch into that there rick-yard and set the ricks alight?"

"It isn't that," said Jim. "I ain't afraid of that; I didn't do it. Nora knows I didn't, and Mr. Apperley knows it, and Bridget knows it. I've no cause to be afeared of that."

"Then what are you quaking for?" angrily demanded Mrs. Sanders.

"I've just got a fright," he answered. "Mother, as true as we be here, Mr. Rupert's dead. I've just watched him killed."

Mrs. Sanders's first proceeding on the receipt of this information was to stare; her second to discredit, to believe that Jim was out of his mind or dreaming; so she treated him to a second shaking.

"Talk sense, will ye?" cried she.

"I'm not a-talking nonsense," he answered. "Mother, I tell ye as sure as us two be living here, I see it. It were in the grove, up by the leaning field. I saw him struck down, and I heard the breath go out of him."

The woman began to think there must be something in the tale.

"It's Mr. Rupert you be talking of?"

"Yes, and it was him as set the rick a-fire. And now he's murdered! Didn't I run fast away! I was in mortal fear."

"Who killed him?"

Jim looked round timorously, as if thinking the walls might have ears.

"I dareden't say," he shivered.

"But you must say."

He shook his head.

"No, I'll never tell it—w'l'out I'm forced. He might be for killing *me*. When the hue and cry goes about to-morrow as he's dead, and folks is a asking who did it, there'll be nobody to answer. I shall keep dark, 'cause I must. If Ann Canham had waited though, and seen it, I'd not ha' minded saying; she'd ha' been a witness as I telled the truth."

"If you don't speak plainer I'll box you," was the interruption. "What about Ann Canham?"

"Well, I met her at the top o' the leaning field as I was turning into't. That were but a *few* minutes afore. She'd been to work at the parson's, she said. I say, mother, you don't think they'll come after me here?" he questioned, his tone full of doubt.

"They *did* come after ye, to some purpose," wrathfully responded Mrs. Sanders. "My belief is as you've come home with your head turned. I'd like to know where you've been a-hiding?"

"I've been nowhere but up in the tallet at master's," replied Jim. "I crep' in there last night; I was dead tired, and I never woke this morning. Hay do make one sleep; it's warmer nor a bed."

Leaving Mrs. Sanders to dispute this affirmation with him—and Jim contrived to parry her questions with skill—we need not follow longer the interview. At the close of the night, she knew little more than she had known at its commencement, beyond the asserted fact that Mr. Rupert Trevlyn was killed. Jim went off in the morning to his work as usual, and she resumed her labor of the day before. Nora had scarcely shown her wisdom in releasing Jim so quickly; but it may be that to keep him longer concealed in the "tallet" was next door to an impossibility.

Mrs. Sanders was interrupted in her work by George Ryle. She smoothed down the coarse towel pinned before her and put her hanging hair behind her ears as her master entered. She was not much more tidy than she had been in the old days, when her children used to turn out ragged and dirty. He questioned her of the report which had been traced to her, and she disclosed to him what she had heard from Jim. It was not much in itself, but it had an air of mystery about it that George could not understand and did not like. He quitted her to go in search of Jim.

But another, as we have heard, had taken precedence of him in the search after that gentleman—Policeman Dumps. Mr. Dumps found him in the out-buildings at Trevlyn Farm, feeding the pigs as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened. The policeman's first move, fearful perhaps of a second escape, was to clap a pair of handcuffs on him.

"There, you young reptile! You'll go off again, will you, after doing murder?"

"Now, in point of fact, Mr. Dumps had really no particular reason for using the concluding word. He only intended to imply that Mr. Jim's general delinquency of conduct deserved a strong name. Jim took it in a different light.

"It wasn't me as murdered him!" he said, terrified nearly out of his life at the handcuffs. "I only see it done. What for should I murder him, Mr Dumps?"

"Who's talking about murder?" cynically returned Dumps, forgetting probably that he had introduced the word. "The setting of the rick-yard was enough for you, warn't it, without anything else added on to it?"

"Oh, you mean the fire," said Jim, considerably relieved. "I didn't do that neither, and there'll be plenty to prove it. I thought you meant the murder."

Policeman Dumps surveyed his charge critically, uncertain what to make of him. He proceeded to questioning; setting about it in a cunningly artistic manner that was perhaps characteristic of his calling.

"Which murder might be you a-meaning, pray?"

"Mr. Rupert's."

"Mr. ——. What be you a-talking of?" uttered Dumps in the utmost astonishment, standing stock still to stare at him.

And now Jim Sanders found that he had been caught in a trap, one not expressly laid for him. He could have bitten out his tongue with vexation. That the death of Rupert Trevlyn would become public property with morning light, he had never doubted, but he had intended to remain silent upon the subject.

The handcuffs, coupled with the policeman's suggestive word, had led him into the mistake—the belief that he was taken up for the murder. It was too late to retract now, and he must make the best of it and put up with the consequences.

"Who says that Mr. Rupert's murdered?" persisted Dumps.

"So he is," sullenly answered Jim. "But I didn't do it."

Mr. Dump's rejoinder was to seize Jim by the collar and march him off in the direction of the station as fast as his feet could go one before the other. The farming men, who had been collecting from two or three parts since the policeman's arrival, followed them to the fold-yard gate, and stood there to stare; they supposed he was taken on suspicion of having caused the fire. Nora, shut up in her dairy, had seen nothing of it, or there's no knowing but she might have flown out to the rescue.

Not another word was spoken; indeed the pace that Mr. Dumps chose to walk prevented it. When they reached the station, Mr. Chattaway was inside, talking with Bowen, his horse fastened to the side railings which ran round the corner of the house. Jim went into a shivering fit at the sight of Mr. Chattaway, and strove to hide himself behind Policeman Dumps.

"So you have turned up, have you?" exclaimed Bowen. "And now where did you get to yesterday?"

Jim did not answer; he appeared to wish to avoid Mr. Chattaway, and he trembled visibly. Bowen was on the point of inquiring what made him quake in that fashion, when Mr. Chattaway's voice broke out like a peal of thunder.

"How dared you be guilty of suppressing evidence? How dared you run away?"

Bowen turned the boy round, so that he should face him.

"You just state where you got to, Jim Sanders."

"I didn't run away," replied Jim. "I lay down in the tallet at the farm atop o' the hay, and I never woke a'most all day yesterday. Miss Dickson, she can say as I was there, for she come and found me there at night, and she sent me off. There warn't no cause for me to run away," he somewhat fractiously repeated, as if weary of having to harp upon the string. "It wasn't me that fired the rick."

"But you saw it fired," cried Mr. Chattaway.

Jim stole round, so as to put Dumps between him and the questioner. Mr. Bowen brought him to again.

"There's no cause for you to Dodge about like that," cried he, repeating Jim's words. "You just speak up the truth; but you are not forced to say anything that 'll criminate yourself."

"I can tell 'em," thought Jim to himself; "it won't hurt him now." "It was Mr. Rupert did it," he said, aloud. "After he got the horsewhipping, he caught up the torch and pushed it into one o' the ricks; and that's the truth, as true as I be living."

"You saw him do this?"

"I was a watching all the while. I was round the pales. He seemed like one a'most mad with passion, and it frightened me. I pulled the burning hay out o' the rick; I thought I pulled it all out, but I suppose a spark must ha' stopped in, I was frightened worse afterwards when the flames burst out, and I ran off for the engines. I telled Mr. Apperley as I'd been for 'em when I met him at night, and I telled him true."

The boy's earnest tones, his honest eyes, the whole expression of his face, lifted full to Bowen's, convinced that experienced officer that it was the truth. But he chose to gaze still implacably at the culprit, not

so as to give up the point, as it were, in case of failure.

"Can what made you go and hide yourself? Come! out with the truth!"

Jim's eyes fell now, and his face grew crimson. "I was almost mad to death," he said, "and I crep up into the tallet to sleep, and I went off to sleep. And I never woke in the morning, when I ought to ha' woken."

There was just sufficient probability in this for Bowen to know that it might be true. Before he could go on with his questions he was interrupted by Mr. Chattaway.

"He has confessed sufficient, Bowen—that it was Rupert Trevlyn. But he deserves punishment for the trouble he has put everybody to; there must be a fresh examination now. Keep him in safety here, and take care that he's not tampered with. I am obliged to go to Blackstone to-day, but the hearing can take place to-morrow, if you'll apprise the magistrates. And—Bowen—mind you accomplish that other matter to-day that I have charged you with."

The last sentence, spoken most emphatically and slowly, Mr. Chattaway turned round to deliver as he was going out. Bowen nodded his head in acquiescence; and Mr. Chattaway mounted his horse and rode off in the direction of Blackstone.

Jim Sanders, looking the picture of ruefulness in his handcuffs, stood awkwardly in the corner of the room; it was a square room, with a boarded floor, a bench run along one side of its whitewashed walls, and a railed-off high desk was opposite. Bowen had gone within these rails as Mr. Chattaway departed, and was busy writing down a few detached words or sentences, that looked like memorandums. Dumps was gazing after the retreating figure of Mr. Chattaway.

"Dumps, call Chigwell here," said Bowen, glancing at the small door which led into the inner premises. "There's work for you both to-day."

But before Dumps could move to do this, he was half knocked over by the haste with which somebody entered. It was George Ryle. He took in a comprehensive view of affairs at a glance; Bowen writing; Dumps doing nothing; Mr. Jim Sanders in his handcuffs.

"Oh, you have come to grief, have you?" said George to the latter. "You are just the man I wanted to find, Jim. Bowen," he added, going within the railing and lowering his voice to an undertone, "have you heard of this report about Rupert Trevlyn?"

"I have heard he is probably off, sir," was Bowen's answer. "Two of the men are going out now to look after him. Mr. Chattaway has signed a warrant for his apprehension."

George paused.

"There is a report that he is dead," he resumed.

"Dead!" echoed Bowen, aghast. "Rupert Trevlyn dead! Why, who says it?"

George looked round at Jim. The boy stood white and shivering; but before any questions could be asked of him, Dumps spoke.

"*He* was talking of that," he said to Bowen, with a movement of the thumb to indicate Jim. "When I clapped them handcuffs on him, he turned as scared as a girl, and began denying that it was him what did the murder. I asked him what he meant by a murder, and who was murdered, and he said it was Mr. Rupert Trevlyn."

The man, Bowen, looked thunder struck, little as it is in the way of police-officers to show emotion of any kind.

"Why, what grounds can he have had for saying that?" he exclaimed, looking keenly at Jim. "Mr. Ryle, where did you hear the report?"

"I heard it just now at Trevlyn Hold. It had been carried there, and would have alarmed them very much had they believed it. Mr. Chattaway was away, and Miss Trevlyn requested me to inquire into it, and bring them news back—as she assumed I should—of its absurdity. I believe we must go to Jim for information," added George, looking at him as keenly as did Bowen. "I have traced the report back to him."

Bowen beckoned Jim within the railings, and he came; there was just sufficient space for the three to cluster there. Dumps stood outside, leaning his elbows on the bars.

"Have you been doing mischief to Mr. Rupert Trevlyn?"

"Me!" echoed Jim—and it was evident that his astonishment at Bowen's question was genuine. "I'd not have hurted a hair of his head," he added, bursting into tears. "I couldn't sleep for vexing over it. It wasn't me."

Turner quietly took off the handcuffs and laid them on the desk.

"There," said he, in a bitter tone; "now [illegible]

[illegible]

"I know that he's dead; dead and all for good," answered Jim. "They blowed me up for saying a word to him that cut the rick's fire, and I was sorry I had said it; but now he's gone it don't matter, and I can say still that it was him dead it."

"Who blowed you up?" returned Bowen.

"Sarah on 'em," answered Jim, after a moment given to considering how he could best make the question. Jim believed it would not do at all to say "Miss Dickson and Mr. Adam Chattaway." Rupert was a favorite of the boy's; he would almost have laid down his life for him.

"Well, what is this about Mr. Rupert? If you are afraid to tell me, tell your master there," suggested Bowen. "I'm sure he is a kind master to you; all the parish knows that."

"It must be told, Jim," said George Ryle, impressively, as he laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder. "What are you afraid of?"

"Mr. Chattaway might kill me for telling, sir," said unwilling Jim.

"Nonsense! Mr. Chattaway would be as anxious to know the truth as we are."

"But if a was him did it?" whispered Jim, glancing round the whitewashed walls of the room in fear, as he had glanced round those of his mother's cottage.

A blank pause. Mr. Bowen looked at George, whose face had turned hectic with the surprise, the emotion, the dread that the words brought.

"You must speak out, Jim," was all he said.

"A was in the little grove last night," rejoined the boy. "When I got up to 'em they was having words, and—"

"Who were having words?" was George Ryle's interruption.

"Mr. Chattaway and Master Rupert. I was scared, and I crep' in amid the trees, and they never saw me. And then I heard blows give, and I looked out and saw Mr. Rupert struck down to the earth, and he fell as one who hasn't got no life in him, and I heard the last breath go out of his body with a sort of sigh, and I knew he was dead. It was just like the sigh as mother's dead brother give when the last breath went out of him."

"And what then?—what happened next?" asked Bowen.

"I don't know. I come off then, and got into mother's. I didn't dare tell her it was Chattaway killed him. I wouldn't tell it now, only you force me."

Bowen was revolving things in his mind, this and that.

"It's not five minutes ago that Chattaway gave me orders to have Rupert Treviyn searched after and taken up to-day," he muttered, more in self-colloquy than to Mr. Ryle. "He knew that he was skulking somewhere in the neighborhood," he said; "skulking, that was the word. I don't know what to think of this."

Neither did his hearers know what to think of it; Mr. Jim Sanders possibly excepted.

"I wonder—I wonder—" slowly resumed Bowen, a curious light coming into his eyes; "I wonder what brought those scratches on the face of Mr. Chattaway?"

CHAPTER XLIX.

FERMENT.

Strange rumors went abroad in the neighborhood of Treviyn Hold, and the excitement increased hourly. Mr. Chattaway had killed Rupert Treviyn—so ran the gossip—and Jim Sanders was in custody with the handcuffs on. Before the night of the day on which you saw Jim in the police station, these reports, with many wild and almost impossible additions, were current, and spreading largely.

With the exception of the accusation made by Jim Sanders, the only corroboration of the tale appeared to rest in the fact that Rupert Treviyn was not to be found. Dumps and his brother policeman scoured the locality high and low, and could find no trace whatever of him. Sober lookers-on (but, it is rare to find sober ones in a time of great excitement) regarded this fact as a favorable one. Had Rupert really been murdered, or even accidentally killed by a chance flow of Mr. Chattaway's arm, surely his body would be forthcoming to confirm the tale. But there were not wanting others who believed, and who did not shrink from avowing the belief, that Mr. Chattaway was quite capable of suppressing all signs of the affray, including the dead body itself; though for what sleight-of-hand the latter act could have been accomplished seemed likely to remain a mystery.

Before Mr. Chattaway got home from Blackstone in the evening, all the rumors, good and bad—all the facts, what few there were—were known at Treviyn Hold.

Mr. Chattaway was not unprepared to find this the case. In returning, he had turned his horse to the police-station, and raised in Bowen, who saw him, some out.

[illegible]

"Jim has been taken!" demanded Mr. Chattaway.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

so?" We answer, in the words of the Richmond Dispatch, "Remarkably well."

What political madness! How unfit are the Americans who restore them to have the control of national affairs. It has been the work of a century to throw off the European yoke from North and South America. This continent has determined not to be the mere puppet of Europe, as Asia, Africa and Australia are—but to work out its own destiny, in its own manner, and for its own great interests. But the foul spirit of rebellion would undo all that has been done, and lay the continent prostrate and helpless at the feet of the leading European powers.

If the Southern people have not lost all perception of their true interests, and all regard for their own birthright and honor as Americans, they will indignantly spurn any favors which may be proffered them by Louis Napoleon over the prostrate form of a sister people. One would think that thousands who have been blind heretofore, would now begin to open their eyes to the shame and disgrace to which their rebellion, if successful, would lead. That they would begin to see that the American Union is the great bulwark and defence of the rights of the whole continent; and that its continued existence is therefore an absolute necessity in order to maintain the political equilibrium of the world.

MILITARY TRAINING.

Some months ago we endeavored to put the question of military training at the Public Schools, before the Board of School Controllers of this city. We failed however—why, we scarcely know.

We observe now that the same subject was discussed at the recent Ohio State Convention of School Teachers, and that Prof. E. T. Tappan of Cincinnati, read an able and instructive essay on this subject, in which he insisted that it was the duty of the state to give a military education to all the youth of the state.

Boys take military instruction very readily —and such exercises once learned would never be forgotten. Besides they would furnish an excellent physical relief from mental exercise, and promote a good carriage of the body, and good physical and mental habits generally.

One of the professors of Girard College informed us that the effect of military training, so far as they had tried it at the college, was very encouraging. The boys acquired, in particular, habits of prompt attention, and quick obedience, worth of themselves all the time and labor bestowed.

As we are likely to have continual war for a generation, if the rebellion should not be suppressed, and war with Europe, even if it is, it may be as well to begin making our arrangements. We owe it to the next generation that it should grow up a little wiser in military matters than our fathers made us. While if there is no war, good physical habits may be acquired, which will amply repay of themselves the necessary expenditure.

Will not our School Controllers take this matter under consideration, and give Philadelphia the pre-eminence of first combining military training, for at least one afternoon in the week, with the regular exercises of the male pupils?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HEAT CONSIDERED AS A MODE OF MOTION: Being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in the season of 1862. By JOHN TYNDALL, F. R. S. With Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Phila.

A SUPPLEMENT TO URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES AND MINES. Containing a Clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice. From the Last Edition, edited by ROBERT HUNT, F. R. S. Illustrated with 700 Engravings. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Phila.

ELLSWORTH'S NEW SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP. Published by Appletons, New York; and for sale by Hazard, Phila.

A MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS FOR DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE USE. By GEORGE UPFOLD, D. D., Bishop of Indiana. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Phila.

CATTLE AND THEIR DISEASES. Embracing their History and Breeds, Crossing and Breeding, and Feeding and Management; with their Diseases and Remedies. By ROBERT JENNINGS, V. S. Published by John Potter, No. 617 Sansom St., Phila.

THE CONSCRIPT. A Tale of War. By Alexander Dumas, author of "The Three Guardsmen," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for August. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

SIGHTS A-FOOT. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

BOOK OF FIVE HUNDRED PUZZLES. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

PARLOR TRICKS WITH CARDS. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Parts XVI and XVII. Published by J. B. Lippincott, & Co., Philadelphia.

THE HISTORICAL SHAKESPEARIAN READER: Comprising the historical plays, expurgated and revised for the use of schools. By JOHN W. S. HOWE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

LEAH. By HELEN MORET. A novel. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

The Glorious Days of July, 1863.

July 1st—Gen. Smith repulsed the rebel Pitzhugh Lee in his attack upon Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Gen. John F. Reynolds, with the First and Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac, checked the advance of Longstreet and Hill, near Gettysburg, after a desperate and bloody engagement, in which the hero fell.

July 2d—Gen. Meade having arrived at Gettysburg, disposed his forces for battle, and received the furious attack of Lee's whole army, the engagement lasting the entire day, and resulting in the utter failure of the enemy to make any impression upon our lines. Lee's losses were enormous in killed, wounded and prisoners, and the advantage was decidedly with the Union army.

July 3d—This day Gen. Meade gained a glorious victory over his fierce antagonists, crowned with terrific slaughter at all points, and finding it vain to attempt another battle, Lee wisely and quietly withdrew in the dead of night, leaving us masters of the field, with trophies of his killed and wounded, twenty thousand prisoners, and many stands of colors and small arms. His loss in the three days' battle, and his retreat from Pennsylvania and Maryland, reached the large figure of thirty-five thousand men.

Gen. Pemberton requested an interview with Gen. Grant, and offered to surrender Vicksburg upon conditions, which Grant refused, demanding an unconditional surrender. Terms being agreed upon the Generals separated, to meet again the next morning.

July 4th—This day Vicksburg passed into the possession of the United States forces, and from the steeple of the Court House the stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze, while thousands of Union soldiers looked up from below, and chanted with indescribable emotion the refrain, "Rally round the flag, boys!" The loss of Vicksburg was the most terrible blow inflicted upon the rebellion. Grant had moved with great rapidity and unexampled vigor, and during his campaign of sixty-four days had killed, wounded and captured 48,700 men, and taken 71,000 stand of arms and 220 pieces of artillery. But one check upon the navigation of the Mississippi now remained, and it was destined speedily to be removed.

Helena, Arkansas, was attacked by Price, Marmaduke and other rebel Generals, with a force of 15,000 men. Gen. Prentiss, commanding the garrison of 5,000 Union troops, defeated the rebels, after an obstinate fight, in which they lost 2,500 men, killed, wounded and prisoners. The victory was complete and decisive.

Gen. John Morgan, on this day, summoned Col. Moore, commanding 250 men of the Twenty-fifth Michigan, at Green River Bridge, Kentucky, to surrender. Col. Moore replied that "*the fourth of July was a bad day to surrender on*," and with that he pitched into and whipped Morgan's band soundly, their loss being over one hundred.

July 7th—Bragg retreated across the Tennessee, destroying the splendid bridge over the river at Bridgeport. Rosecrans in possession of Tullahoma, and Bragg's army flying before the victor of Murfreesboro', broken and demoralized.

July 8th—Port Hudson surrendered unconditionally to Gen. Banks, and the last obstacle to the safety of navigation on the Mississippi was removed. The number of prisoners taken with the post was 6,825, together with a large number of small arms and over fifty cannon.

July 9th—Gens. Buford and Kilpatrick defeated Stuart's cavalry at Boonsboro', Maryland, with heavy loss.

July 10th—Gen. Gilmore lands on Morris Island and in a succession of brilliant charges captures all the batteries and cannon of the enemy, excepting Wagner and Cummings's Point.

Gen. Sherman occupies Jackson, Miss., Johnston having evacuated it the night before to avoid capture.

Gen. Blunt defeats the rebels under Gen. Cooper at Big Creek, not far from Fort Gibson. Their loss was estimated at 500.

July 13th—Defeat of Lee's rear guard at Falling Waters and Williamsport; capture of 2,000 rebels and death of Gen. Pettigrew, of South Carolina.

Defeat of Forrest's cavalry brigade at Jackson, Tennessee, by Col. Hatch, of Iowa.

Yazoo City captured by Gen. Herron, with a large number of prisoners, quantities of stores, arms, &c.

July 14th—Gen. Blunt again defeats the rebels near Fort Gibson, with heavy loss.

July 17th—Major-General Stanley captures and occupies Huntsville, Ala.

July 18th—Wytheville, Virginia, surprised; the rebels defeated, and the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad cut by Cols. Powell and Towland.

July 19th—Gen. Potter leaves Newbern, N. C., and penetrates to the interior of the state, doing immense damage to the rebel communications, and destroying vast amounts of stores, cotton, &c., &c.

Surprise and capture of 400 rebels at Rienzi, Miss.

July 20th—Morgan routed, after a brisk fight, at Buffington's Island and 1,500 of his men made prisoners.

July 23d—Lee's whole army in full retreat on Winchester, Va.

July 25th—Gen. Sginois's Excelsior Brigade encounter a division of Longstreet's command, and, after a splendid fight, drive the enemy in confusion.

July 24th—The rebels are severely punished at Front Royal, and during the night make their escape.

July 26th—Morgan, and the remainder of his band are captured near New Lisbon, Ohio, by Major Rue, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry.

July 28th—Reported capture of three thousand rebels at Donaldsonville, La., and the reoccupation of Steahezy City.

July 29th—Pegram's invading forces defeated in Kentucky and in a demoralized retreat.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

Women's Pennsylvania Branch, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

The following Associate Managers of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission were appointed at the Monthly meeting of the Executive Committee, July 6.

Mrs. T. W. Edgar, Supt.
Mrs. S. R. Morris, Mansfield.
T. A Utter, Milford.
Mrs. L. M. Dickson, Lewisburg.
Miss C. R. Stambaugh, Millinstown.
Mrs. Charles Pleasants, Sunbury.
Mrs. Patterson, near McConnellsburg.
Mrs. Harriet Spangler, York.

HINTS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

If the boxes sent to us were marked with the name of the place from whence they come, as well as with the direction to us, it would save a great deal of trouble and expedite our work very much. With a large number of workers—all volunteers—it is impossible always to keep the lists which accompany the boxes unmixed; the name of the place whence they come, printed on the box, would obviously rebder this impossible.

Bread baked in loaves seldom reaches us unspoiled. The flour used in making the bread, if sent in cotton bags, would reach us without risk.

Dry stores should always be packed by themselves. Otherwise the breaking of a bottle or jar often causes great waste.

Accurate lists of the contents of boxes are much desired. Cans, jars and bottles, if carefully labelled, would save much time and labor.

Perishable, or articles requiring immediate use, we would urge our correspondents to send us by express. When not perishable, the ordinary freight trains are as sure, and far less expensive.

TO PICKLE ONIONS.

Fill a bell metal or porcelain-lined kettle with small white onions, throw in a handful or more of salt, according to the quantity of onions you have; let them scald over the fire for a few minutes, so as to loosen the outer layer, then drain them through a cullender and spread them out upon a large table upon a cloth; rub them with cloths and the skins will come off, remove the outer layer, put them in jars, add some blades of mace, some whole pepper and cloves, fill up the jars with cold vinegar, cork and cement them. This is an easy and simple receipt.

TO MAKE CEMENT FOR BOTTLES OR PRESERVE JARS.

A quarter of a pound of beeswax. Half a pound of rosin. Pound the rosin fine, and melt the rosin and beeswax together in some old iron vessel. When they are melted stir in enough brick-dust to make the mixture as thick as melted sealing-wax. Dip your bottle necks into the hot cement after they are well corked, and in a few minutes the cement will dry.

The brick-dust must be powdered as fine as possible, and passed through a gauze or fine muslin.

We make room for a portion of the Monthly Report of the New England Women's Auxiliary Association.

The calls upon us, during the past month, have been principally for such articles as have heretofore been needed. The large accumulation of towels has been so much reduced, that we are desired to ask our correspondents to furnish them again in small quantities. Arm-slings are called for. They should be made of firm cotton cloth, about the length of a man's fore-arm, with a tape string three-quarters of a yard long on each corner.

They have proved of great value in moving men with wounded arms, who by their means have been saved much suffering from the motion of car or ambulance. Will our friends send us a few arm-slings in each box; and also a few needle-cases, simply made, and furnished with the needful articles for keeping a soldier's wardrobe in repair? A few months ago the Commissioners had what seemed an inexhaustible supply of them. But the steady demand has taken the last one. Let it be remembered, however, that neither of the three articles first mentioned is of vital importance to the soldier. The need of cotton drawers, socks, bedding, and flannel shirts should claim our first and our unwearying attention.

Meantime the supply has kept on moderately and steadily; we cannot yet add sufficiently. We are not ready for great battles. Is this as it should be? Many of our fellow-workers "enlisted for the war," and have proved that they knew the meaning of their pledge. Others have been "nine months' men" and women; still others "three months" in service. Many others have not yet had time, in a two years' war, to make up their minds to bear any part of the burden. But with individual convictions we have nothing to do.

Enough for us, if we remind all within our reach, from month to month, of the need that exists; and assure them that though there must be sacrifices involved in the work, the blessings of it are an hundred-fold greater. But it is not by sacrifices or blessing that the work must be measured. To-day, is Christ saying again in unmistakeable words, I was an hungered, I was thirsty, I was a stranger, I was naked, sick, and in prison, and if any of us would seek to excuse our inaction, by asking doubtingly, when were they hungered, and we not ready to minister unto them, oh, Lord! The answering answer comes: Can it be counted "Friend," as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." Hundreds have been wounded in New England have long ago seen that this is the true ground for the work. Will not those who decline to estimate it more highly take a new survey of the whole case?

Our correspondents sometimes ask for suggestions as to the best way of raising money to carry on the manufacture of garments in their towns and villages. Two plans have been adopted in many places, with good success. One, to have committees look up in the houses, weekly or at stated periods. This is greatly approved, as it gives church-goers an opportunity to link good work with their worship, whereby both may be rendered more effectual; and many, in this way, can add their mite to the work, who shrink from a more public method. The other plan consists in interesting the boys and girls of the town in forming a club, whose duty it shall be to collect and collect monthly subscriptions.

Five cents a month are often given by those whose ability is thus limited; and these smaller amounts, with the larger ones that older people may bestow, being a regular monthly receipt, keeps the soldiers' pence steadily supplied, and enable those who manage the treasury to use the amount of money brought in expeditiously, that is very desirable in these times of fluctuating markets. Will not correspondents consider the best means of raising funds, try these methods, and give us the result of their experience? Let no one say I have so little to give, it is hardly worth the giving.

Every child who offers his penny cheerfully for the comfort of the sick soldiers, is manifesting, to the extent of his little ability, the same Christian patriotism that we see in grown persons who share generously their abundance, or gladly make a heavy sacrifice for the same great end. The duty belongs to us all; to do what we can, in a right spirit, is enough.

Respectfully submitted for the Executive Committee.
ABBY W. MAY,
Chairman.

32 Sumner street, July 6, 1863.

We desire to notify our Auxiliary Societies, that there is no demand for rusk or bread of any description, and request them to abstain from forwarding it to us in the future.

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES NOW NEEDED.

Sheets and quilts, shirts and drawers, socks and slippers, towels and handkerchiefs—all of light material for the warm season. From governmental sources the supply of these articles is now much more liberal than formerly—and yet in emergencies and out of the way places wants are continually arising which we must supply. Our field of labor is now so wide that this demand fully keeps pace with the supply. Old cotton and linen pieces are articles indispensable to the surgeon, and, not being supplied by the government, the demand upon us for them is constant and pressing. Something like five tons of clothe and bandages were furnished by us to Rosecrans's army, and honestly used by the surgeons in charge of the wounded after the battle of Stone River. Of lint we have a surplus, and no more is needed. Musquito bars, palm leaf fans, books and pamphlets, may be mentioned as articles greatly conducive to the comfort of the sick, and never supplied in sufficient quantity.

Of edibles we want butter (in crocks or cans), eggs, pickles, dried fruit, cheese, codfish, farina, tapioca, sago, condensed milk, lemons and oranges, dried beef, hams, and, indeed, everything else that will give variety to the diet of the sick. Of stimulants the quantity which we distribute is designedly less than formerly, and yet we have constant need of fresh supplies of domestic wines and pure liquors, (in bottles,) which, in the hands of judicious and trustworthy agents, do a vast amount of good, and are sometimes indispensable.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

1 pkg., Miss Shober, 1723 Walnut street.
1 box, ladies of Christ Church, Phila.
1 pkg., Frank Lightfoot, 34th ward, Phila.
1 pkg., Mrs. M. A. Williams, 1703 Market st.
1 pkg., Mrs. Warner, 1619 Cherry st.
2 pkgs., Mrs. Newhall, Germantown.
1 pkg., All Saints' Church, Torresdale.
3 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland county.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Lockhaven, Clinton co.
1 pkg., Dr. Brainerd's Church, clothing and delicacies.
1 barrel, Ladies' Aid, Elk Lake, Dimock co.
2 boxes, Hospital Aid Society, Darby, Delaware county.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Pittstown, Luzerne co.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
1 pkg., Ladies' Aid, Smithton.
1 pkg., Mrs. Paxon Aurora, Bucks co., Pa.
1 barrel, Whitpain Ladies' Aid, Gwynedd, Montgomery county.
1 pkg., Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg.
2 pkgs., Mrs. F. A. Bell, West Phila.
1 box, Young Ladies' Aid, through Miss E. Wood.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Media.
1 pkg., the Misses Coxe.
2 boxes, Aid Association, Woodland, Clearfield county.
1 pkg., Mrs. L. Pickering.
1 pkg., Mrs. Fry.
1 pkg., Mrs. Kempton.
1 pkg., Miss E. Boggs.
1 pkg., Miss E. Shaefer.
1 pkg., a lady.
1 pkg., Miss Blanchard.
1 pkg., Mrs. Harvey Rowland.
1 pkg., Mrs. Budd.
5 pkgs., Eleventh Baptist Church.
3 pkgs., Ladies' Auxiliary Society, St. Mark's Lutheran Church.
5 boxes and 3 kegs, Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J.
1 pkg., Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, E. H. Haven.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
1 box, Clearfield county.
3 barrels, Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Miss Blackman.
1 box, Eckley, Luzerne county.
4 boxes, Miss E. F. Thompson, Ashland, Schuylkill county.
1 box, Relief Association, Boyerstown.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Pottsville.
73 blankets, David Jayne & Son, Phila.
1 box, Miss Josephine Moss.
1 pkg., a Friend.
1 pkg., Soldiers' Relief, Church of Holy Trinity.
1 pkg., Ella Goodall, Leonora Miller, Carrie and Samuel Briggs.
1 pkg., Mrs. Marvel.
1 pkg., Miss A. S. Roberts.
1 pkg., Mrs. Dr. Gibbons.
1 pkg., Mrs. Bell.
1 pkg., Calvary (Monumental) Church.
1 box, Miss Annie De Witt, Princeton, Lancaster county.
1 box, Soldier's Relief, Bethlehem, Northumberland county.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Stroudsburg, Monroe co.
1 box, Miss Lattimer, Montgomery co.
1 box, Millersburg, Bethlehem, Northampton county.
1 box, 3 kegs, 1 demijohn, Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks county.
1 box, Wetherill & Bros., Second street.
4 boxes, Soldier's Aid, Northumberland.
1 pkg., Mr. C. Townsend.
1 pkg., Mrs. James Earle.
1 box, Sellingsgrove, Snyder county.
1 pkg., a Friend.
1 pkg., Mrs. Cope.
1 pkg., Mrs. Hopkins.
1 pkg., S. G. Hopkins.
1 pkg., little boy.
1 pkg., Mrs. Bringhurst, 1307 Locust st.
1 pkg., Mrs. Hammond.
1 pkg., Mrs. Prescott.
1 pkg., Green Lake Primary School, Manayunk.
3 boxes from Sunbury, July 24.
1 pkg., a Friend.
1 pkg., Miss Bickford.
1 pkg., Mrs. Stevens.
1 pkg., Mrs. Tull.
1 pkg., Mrs. Jones.
Proceeds of a tea, Westfield, N. J.
1 boxes, M. E. Church Aid Society, Paterson.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Columbia, Columbia co.
1 box, Miss E. Cadwalader.
1 box, Aid Society, Pennington, N. J.
1 keg, General Aid Society, Trenton, N. J.
1 box, Woman's Aid, Bristol.
1 boxes, Ladies' Aid, New London, Chester co.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Springfield.
1 box, Aid Society, Lebanon.
1 pkg., Mary Garrett.
1 pkgs., Old Pine St. Church, Dr. Brainerd.
1 pkg., Ladies' Aux., St. Mark's, Lutheran.
1 pkg., Anon.
1 pkg., Mrs. Hamilton.
1 box, no name, 416 Marshall street.
1 box, Hillside Aid Society, Kingston.
1 pkg., Charles P. Hansell.
1 box, Oakley, Susquehanna county.
4 boxes, Soldiers' Aid, Erie county.
7 barrels, Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J.
1 barrels, Erie County Soldiers' Aid.
1 barrels, Aid Society, Lyonsville, Chester co.
1 box, Mrs. Thompson.
1 box, Flemington, Clinton county.
1 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Central Harbor Creek.
1 box, Bloomsburg, Columbia county.
3 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Roxborough.
1 box, Lewisburg.
1 pkgs., Church of Holy Trinity.
1 barrel, no name.
1 box, Altoona, Blair county.
4 boxes, dunbury.
1 pkgs., St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill.
1 box, Bordentown, N. J.
3 barrels, 2 pkgs., Ladies' Aid, Attleboro', Bucks county.
3 boxes, no name.
1 barrel, Third & Thompson sts., no name.
4 barrels crackers, 1 bag cracker dust, Trenton, N. J.
1 box, 1 barrel, M. S. A. Pennock, Chatham, Chester county.
3 boxes, Fairville Women's Aid, Chester co.
6 boxes, 4 barrels, 2 pkgs., Patriotic Daughters, Lancaster.
1 pkg., Misses Coxe.
1 pkg., Miss S. Stephens, Princeton, N. J.

☞ Prentice finds in Humphrey Marshall's obesity a never failing butt for jocose allusion. "We should think," says the inveterate wag, "Humphrey Marshall would have to march slow. He looks as if it would be a heavy task to fetch up his rear."

☞ The drafted editor of the Providence Journal has just found how many friends he has. People said: "What! young enough to be drawn! who would have thought it?" In fifteen minutes there came into the office to tender their services two or three gentlemen ready to do the "leaders," one witty paragraphist, one reliable gentleman, one intelligent contraband, one deserter who had always been a Union man, one veracious lady who had escaped from rebeldom, and one local reporter, good for the late hours All the visitors appeared to be laboring under physical disabilities. The owner of three one hundred pound rifle shells offered them for the editor's knapsack. The editor understood that the Government designed to use him as a brigadier general.

☞ AUTOGRAPH BY PROXY.—Shortly after Henry Ward Beecher left for Europe, his business agent received a note from a Western lawyer, addressed to Mr. Beecher, asking for his autograph. He received this spicy reply:

"NEW YORK CITY, June —, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have received yours requesting an autograph of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. As Mr. Beecher has left me a power of attorney to sign for him, you will, as a lawyer, at once perceive that I can grant your request—which I do with a great deal of pleasure.

"I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

"H. W. BEECHER,
"By F. B. P."

☞ GENERAL HOOKER.—Gen. Hooker was in command of the Army of the Potomac almost exactly five months, assuming the command on the 26th of January, and laying it down on the 28th of June.

☞ When young Hodge first came up to town, his father told him that it would be polite when being helped at dinner, to say to the host, "Half that, if you please." It so happened that, at the first dinner to which he was invited, a sucking pig was one of the dishes. The host, pointing with his knife to the young porker, asked, "Well, Mr. Hodges, will you have this, our favorite dish, or haunch of mutton?" Upon which, recollecting his first lesson, he replied, "Half that, if you please," to the consternation of all present.

☞ "GRAVEYARD" LITERATURE.—The following epitaph was recently copied by a Massachusetts soldier from a tombstone in the Baton Rouge (La.) cemetery —

"Here lies buried in this tomb,
A constant sufferer from salt rheum,
Which finally in truth did pass
To spotted erysipelas;
A husband brave, a father true,
Here he lies and so must you."

LATEST NEWS.

The summer Rebellion has come from Charleston to the north coast of South Carolina. Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, two of Fort Sumter's outposts, have fallen into the hands of the Union forces, and the end of which that work is commanded, the breach made by our shot having been filled up by the expansion of sandbags. Gen. Gillmore is constructing with his heavy siege guns, he can impose Fort Sumter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Trouble is brewing in North Carolina. Jeff. Davis has been denounced by the people; the Raleigh Standard threatens a revolution. The Legislature has refused the suppression of the Standard. Secession is threatened if anything of the kind is attempted. A delegation to Washington has been proposed.

The reported capture of Fort-au-Olie, Louisiana, is confirmed by the New Orleans Era of the 30th July.

The state of Kentucky has been declared under martial law by Gen. Burnside.

Richardson, the rebel guerilla chief, has issued an order to the citizens of Logan and West Tennessee between the ages of 16 and 45 to report at his camps at once, under the rebel conscription act. His orders to his men are to burn the houses and barns of all who neglect to report themselves, and if caught they are to be shot down at once. If a man takes refuge in his house, it is to be set on fire and guarded, so that he may not escape death by burning.

Gen. Davidson has arrived at Helena, Ark., with a large cavalry force, from Pilot Knob, Mo. He captured 500 rebels some ten miles out of Helena and brought them into that town.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—The condemnation of the British steamer Peterhoff by the United States prize court, is to-day officially announced.

The President has authorized the issuing of an order declaring that for every soldier (white or black) of the United States killed in violation of the law, a rebel soldier shall be executed, and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

☞ "Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

☞ If the devil were chained to a post, men would be no better than they are: if he couldn't come to them, they would go to him.

☞ In families well ordered there is always one firm and sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect besides that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.

☞ A child is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him, and he has but one thing to do; put him to please himself, and he is troubled with everything and satisfied with nothing.

☞ The man of one idea is like a man trying to walk with both his feet in one boot; he has narrowed his base till the centre of gravity falls far without, and his efforts at progress are but spasmodic caricatures of the thing he attempts, likely to end in nothing more glorious than his sprawling length prostrate.

☞ Many a bright-eyed girl to-day, who works worsted and dances divinely, does not know that a moss-rose is a first cousin to a French turnip, and the mangel-wurtzel a poor relation in the poppy family.

☞ PA AT PAR.—A broker whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked, a few days since, how old his father was. "Well," said he, abstractedly, "he is quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect he will reach par, and possibly be at a premium."

☞ Epitaph on the author of **Pickwick**:

Rare Charles Dickens! heavenly dweller!
You found us *well*, but you left us *Weller*.

☞ The United States post-office was open in Vicksburg the day after the surrender. No doubt Adams's Express followed instantly; and it would not be wonderful if advertisements of "Plantation Bitters" were already on the battered walls. Such is Yankee enterprize.

☞ Fat Humphrey Marshall has thrown aside his sword, which he never used to any advantage, and opened a law office in Richmond, Va. A porpoise is always better able to blow than to fight.

☞ A cavalryman posted in Virginia, writes—"The roads are impassable, we cannot move for mire, but if the rebs attack us we are prepared to welcome them with muddy hands and horse-pistol graves."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

"IS THAT MOTHER?"

Is that mother bending o'er me,
As the song my cradle hymn—
Kneeling there in tears before me,
Sing'—my sight is growing dim.

Comes she from the old home lowly,
Out among the Northern hills,
To her pet boy dying slowly
Of war's battle, wounds and ills?

Mother! oh we bravely battled—
Battled till the day was done;
While the leaden hail-storm rattled—
Man to man and gun to gun.

But we failed—and I am dying—
Dying in my boyhood's years—
There—no weeping—self-denying,
Noble deaths demand no tears!

Fold your arms again around me;
Press again my aching head;
Sing the lullaby you sang me—
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead.

Blue Beech, Port Royal, July 4.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XYXV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT WINDSOR.

"Yes," repeated Richard Thornton, "I have reason to believe that the will witnessed by your husband is a very unpleasant piece of literature in the estimation of Launcelot Darrell, for I fancy that it cuts him off without even the meagre consolation of that solitary shilling which is usually inherited by unhappy elder sons."

"But tell me why you think this, Richard."

"I will, my dear Mrs. Monckton. The story is rather a long one, but I/think I can tell it in a quarter of an hour. Can you dress for dinner in the other quarter?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"What a nuisance civilisation is, Nelly. We never dressed for dinner in the Pilasters; indeed, the fashion amongst the leading families in that locality leans rather the other way. The gentlemen in the cab and chimney line generally take off their coats when the mid-day meal is announced in order to dine in their shirt-sleeves."

"Richard, Richard!" cried Eleanor, impatiently.

"Well, well, Mrs. Monckton, seriously, you shall have my Windsor adventures. I hate this man Launcelot Darrell, for I believe he is a shallow, selfish, cold-hearted coxcomb, or else I don't think I could have brought myself to do what I've done to-day. I've been playing the spy, Eleanor, for a couple of hours at least. The Duke of Otranto used to find plenty of people for this kind of work—artists, actors, actresses, priests, women, every creature whom you would least suspect of baseness. But they manage these things better in France. We don't take to the business so readily upon this side of the water."

"Richard!"

The girl's impatience was almost uncontrollable. She watched the hands of a little clock upon the chimney piece: the firelight flashed every now and then upon the dial, and then faded out, leaving it dark.

"I'm coming to the story, Nell, if you'll only be patient," remonstrated Mr. Thornton. He was getting over that secret sorrow which he had nursed for such a long time in the lowest depths of a most true and faithful breast. He was growing reconciled to the Inevitable; as we all must, sooner or later; and he had reassumed that comfortable brotherly familiarity which had been so long habitual to him in his intercourse with Eleanor. "Only be patient, my dear, and let me tell my story my own way," he pleaded. "I left here early this morning in your husband's dog-cart, intending to drive over to Windsor and amuse myself by exploring the town and the castle, if possible, to see if there was anything in my way to be picked up—donjon keeps, turret staircases, secret corridors, and so on, you know. You know what sort of a morning it was, bleak and dismal enough, but until twelve o'clock no rain. It was within a quarter of an hour of twelve when I got into Windsor, and the rain was just beginning, spiteful drops of rain and particles of sleet, that came down obliquely and cut into your face like so many needle-points. I stopped at an inn in a perpendicular street below the castle, which looks as if it meant to topple down and annihilate the poor of the town some of these days. I put up the dog-cart, and asked a few questions about the possibility of getting admission to the royal dwelling-place. Of course I was informed that such admission was to-day utterly impracticable. I could have seen the state apartments yesterday. I could see them, most likely, by the end of next week, but I couldn't see them when I wanted to see them. I hinted that my chief desire was to see secret passages, donjon keeps, moats, and sliding panels; but neither the landlord nor the waiter seemed to understand me, and I sat down rather despondently by the window of the tavern parlor to wait till the rain was over, and I could go out and prowl upon the castle terrace to study wintry effects in the park."

"But Launcelot Darrell, Richard—where did you meet Launcelot Darrell?"

"I am coming to him presently. The perpendicular street wasn't particularly lively upon this wretched February day; so, as there weren't any passer-by to look at, I amused myself by looking at the houses facing the inn. Immediately opposite to me there was a house very superior to the others in style—a red brick house of the Georgian era, modernised by plate-glass windows and green blinds—not a large house, but eminently respectable. A dazzling brass plate adorned the door, and upon this brass plate, which winked and twinkled in the very face of the rain, I read the name of Mr. Henry Lawford, solicitor."

"The lawyer who made Mr. de Crespigny's will?"

"Precisely. Upon one side of the door there was a bell-handle inscribed Visitors, on the other a duplicate handle inscribed Office. I hadn't been looking at the house above five minutes, when a young man, with a slender silk umbrella, struggling against the wind, rang the office-bell."

"The young man was Launcelot Darrell?" Eleanor cried, quickly.

"He was. The door was opened by a boy, of whom Mr. Darrell asked several questions. Whatever the answers were, he walked away, and the door was shut. But from his manner of strolling slowly along the street, I was convinced that he was not going far, and that he meant to come back. People don't usually stroll in a sharp rain that comes down obliquely and seems to drift in your face from every point of the compass. He'll come back presently, I thought; so I ordered a bottle of pale ale and I waited."

"And he came back?"

"Yes; he came back in about half an hour; but, ten minutes or so before he returned, I saw a shabby-genteel, elderly man let himself in with a latch-key at a small green side door with 'Clerk's Office' painted in white letters on the panel. I knew by the look of this man that he must be a clerk. There's a look about an attorney's clerk that you can't mistake, even when he doesn't carry a blue bag; and this man did carry one. Ten minutes afterwards Launcelot Darrell returned. This time he knocked with the handle of his umbrella at the green door, which was opened by the boy, who went to fetch the elderly clerk. This elderly clerk and Mr. Darrell stood on the door-step talking confidentially for about five minutes, and then our friend the artist went away; but this time again strolled slowly through the rain; as if he had a certain interval to dispose of, and scarcely knew what to do with himself.

"I suppose the amateur detective business fills a man's mind with all manner of suspicious fancies, Eleanor. However that may be, I could not help thinking that there was something queer in these two visits of Launcelot Darrell to the red brick house opposite me. What did he want with a lawyer, in the first place? and if he did want a lawyer, why didn't he go straight to Mr. Lawford, who was at home—for I could see his head across the top of the wire blind in one of the plate-glass windows as he bent over his desk—instead of tampering with small boys and clerks? There was something mysterious in the manner of his hanging about the place; and as I had been watching him wearily for a long time without being able to find out anything mysterious in his conduct, I determined to make the most of my chances and watch him to some purpose to-day.

"'He'll come back,' I thought, 'unless I'm very much mistaken.'

"I was very much mistaken, for Launcelot Darrell did not come back; but a few minutes after the clock struck one, the green door opened, and the elderly clerk came out, without the blue bag this time, and walked nimbly up the street in the direction that Launcelot Darrell had taken.

"'He's going to his dinner,' I thought, 'or he's going to meet Launcelot Darrell.'

"I put on my hat, and went out of the house. The clerk was toiling up the perpendicular street a good away ahead of me, but I managed to keep him in sight and to be close upon his heels when he turned the corner into the street below the towers of the castle. He walked a little way along this street, and then went into one of the principal hotels.

"'Ah, my friend!' I said, to myself, 'you don't ordinarily take your dinner at that house, I imagine. It's a cut above your requirements, I should think.'

"I went into the hotel, and made my way to the coffee-room. Mr. Launcelot Darrell and the elderly clerk were sitting at a table at the other end of the room, and I could hear a few words of their conversation, spoken in a low voice, and very earnestly. It was not difficult to one that he was trying to persuade the steady clerk to something which the clerk's sense of caution revolted from. Both men looked up as I went into the room, which they had all to themselves until that moment; and Launcelot Darrell flushed scarlet as he recognised me. It was evident, therefore, that he did not care to be seen in the company of Mr. Lawford's clerk.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Darrell,' I said; 'I've come over to have a look at the castle, but I find strangers are not admitted to-day, so I'm obliged to content myself with walking about in the wet for an hour or two.'

"Launcelot Darrell answered me in that patronising manner which renders him so delightful to the people he considers inferior to himself. He had quite recovered from the confusion my sudden appearance had caused, and muttered something about Mr. Lawford, the attorney, and 'business.'—Then he sat biting his nails in an uncomfortable and restless manner, while I drank another bottle of pale ale. That's another objection to the detective business; it involves such a lot of drinking.

"I left the hotel, and left Mr. Darrell and the clerk together; but I didn't go very far. I contrived somehow or other to be especially interested in that part of the exterior of the castle visible from the street in which the hotel is situated, and in a manner, kept one eye upon the stately towers of the royal residence, and the other upon the doorway out of which Launcelot Darrell and Mr. Lawford's clerk must by-and-by emerge. In about half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing them appear, and contrived, most innocently of course, to throw myself exactly in their way at the corner of the perpendicular street.

"I was amply rewarded for any trouble that I had taken; for I never saw a face that so plainly expressed rage, mortification, disappointment, almost despair, as did the face of Launcelot Darrell, when I came against him at the street corner. He was as white as a sheet, and he scowled at me savagely as he passed me by. Not as if he recognized me; the fixed look in his face showed that his mind was too much absorbed in one thought for any consciousness of exterior things; but as if in his suppressed fury he was ready to go blindly against anybody or anything that came in his way.

"But why, Richard, why was he so angry?" cried Eleanor, with her hands clenched and her nostrils quivering with the passage of her rapid breath. "What does it all mean?"

"Unless I'm very much mistaken, Mrs. Monckton, it means that Launcelot Darrell has been tampering with the clerk of the lawyer who drew up Mr. de Crespigny's last will, and that he now knows the worst—"

"And that is—?"

"The plain fact, that unless that will is altered the brilliant Mr. Darrell will not inherit a penny of his kinsman's fortune."

The second dinner-bell rang while Richard was speaking, and Eleanor rushed from the room to make some hurried change in her toilette, and to appear in the drawing-room, agitated and ill at ease, ten minutes after Mr. Monckton's punctilious butler had made his formal announcement of the principal meal of the day.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANOTHER RECOGNITION.

Launcelot Darrell came to Tolldale Priory upon the day after Richard's visit to Windsor, and it was easy for Eleanor, assisted by her knowledge of what had transpired, to see the change in his manner. She spent an hour in the drawing-room that morning for the purpose of seeing this change, and thereby finding confirmation of that which Richard Thornton had told her. But the alteration in the young man's manner must have been very obvious, for even Laura, who was not particularly observant of any shades of feeling that did not make themselves manifest by the outward expression of word or gesture, perceived that there was something amiss with her lover, and drove Launcelot Darrell well-nigh mad with her childish questionings and lamentations.

Why was he so quiet? Why was he so much paler than usual? Why did he sigh sometimes? Why did he laugh in that strange way? Oh, no, not in his usual way. It was no use saying that it was so. Had he a headache? Had he been sitting up late at night? Had he been drinking horrid wine that had disagreed with him? Had he been a naughty, naughty, cruel, false, treacherous boy, and had he been to some party that he hadn't told his poor Laura about, drinking champagne, and flirting with girls, and dancing, and all that? Or had he been working too much at his Rosalind and Celia?

With such questions as these did the young lady harass and torment her lover throughout that uncomfortable February morning; until at last Mr. Darrell turned upon her in a rage, declaring that his head was nearly split asunder, and plainly telling her to hold her tongue.

Laura Mason, sitting on a low ottoman at his feet, and employed in working a pair of embroidered slippers—the third pair she had begun for the use of her future lord and master—thought him more like the Corsair to-day than ever; but thought at the same time that some periods of Medora's existence must have been rather dreary. No doubt it was Conrad's habit to sit and stare at the coals, and to poke the fire savagely when things went amiss with him; when his favorite barque was scuttled by a mutinous crew, or his cargo confiscated by the minions of the law.

Launcelot Darrell was engaged to dine at the Priory upon this 16th of February. Mr. Monckton had invited him, in order that some matters connected with Laura's fortune might be discussed.

"It is time we should fully understand each other, Darrell," the lawyer said: "so I shall expect you to give me a couple of hours in my study this evening after dinner, if you've no objection."

Of course Mr. Darrell had no objection, but he had an almost spiteful manner that day in his intercourse with poor Laura, who was bewildered by the change in him.

"You think it's strange that I should dislike all this ceremony about settlements and allowance. Yes, Laura, that's a pleasant word, isn't it? Your guardian honored me by telling me he should make us a handsome allowance for the first few years of our married life. You think I ought to take kindly to this sort of thing, I dare say, and drop quietly into my position of genteel pauperism, dependent upon my pencil, or my wife, for the dinner I eat and the coat I wear. No, Laura," cried the young man, passionately, "I don't take kindly to it; I can't stand it. The thought of my position enrages me against myself, against you, against everybody and everything in the world."

Launcelot Darrell talked thus to his betrothed while Richard and Eleanor were both in the room; the scene-painter sitting in a window making furtive sketches with a fat little stump of lead pencil upon the backs of divers letters; Mrs. Monckton standing at another window, looking out at the leafless trees, the black flowerless garden beds, the rain-drops hanging on the dingy firs and evergreens.

Mr. Darrell knew that he was overheard; but he had no wish that it should be otherwise. He did not care to keep his grievances a secret. The egotism of his nature exhibited itself in this. He gave himself the air of a victim, and made a show of despising the benefits he was about to accept from his confiding betrothed. He in a manner proclaimed himself injured by the existence of his future wife's fortune; and he forced her to apologize to him for the prosperity which she was about to bestow upon him.

"As if it was being a pauper to take my money," cried Miss Mason, with great tenderness, albeit in rather obscure English; "as if I grudged you the horrid money, Launcelot. Why, I don't even know how much I'm to have. It may be fifty pounds a-year—that's what I've had to buy my dresses and things since I was fifteen—or it may be fifty thousand. I don't want to know how much it is. If it *is* fifty thousand a-year, you're welcome to it, Launcelot, darling."

"Launcelot darling" shrugged his shoulders with a peevish gesture which exhibited him as rather a discontented darling.

"You talk like a baby, Laura," he said, contemptuously; "I suppose the 'handsome allowance' Mr. Monckton promises will be about two or three hundred a-year, or so; something that I'm to eke out by my industry. Heaven knows he has preached to me enough about the necessity of being industrious. One would think that an artist was a bricklayer or a stonemason, to hear him talk."

Eleanor turned away from the window as Launcelot Darrell said this; she could not suffer her husband to be undefended while she was by.

"I have no doubt whatever Gilbert said was right, Mr. Darrell," she exclaimed, lifting her head proudly, as if in defiance of any voice that should gainsay her husband's merits.

"No doubt, Mrs. Monckton; but there's a certain sledge-hammer-like way of propounding that which is right that isn't always pleasant. I don't want to be reminded that an artist's calling is a trade, and that when the Graces bless me with a happy thought, I must work like a slave until I've hammered it out upon canvas and sent it into the market for sale."

"Some people think the Graces are propitiated by hard labor," Richard Thornton said, quietly, while his eyes were fixed upon the back of a letter; "and there are some thoughts one ought to come when a man has his brush in his hand, rather than when he's lying on a sofa reading French novels; and I've known artists who preferred that method of waiting for inspiration. For my own part, I believe in the inspiration that grows out of patient labor."

"Yes," Mr. Darrell answered, with an air of lazy indifference—an air which plainly expressed that he disdained to discuss arttopics with a scene-painter, "I dare say you find it answer—in your line. You must splash over a good deal of canvas before you can produce a transformation-scene, I suppose?"

"Peter Paul Rubens got over a good deal of canvas," said Richard, "and Raffaelle Sanzio d'Urbino did something in that way, if we may judge by the cartoons and a few other trifles."

"Oh, of course, there were giants in those days. I don't aspire to rival any such Patagonians. I don't see why people should be compelled to walk through a picture gallery a mile long before they can pronounce an opinion upon a painter's merits. I should be very well contented if my chance with posterity rested upon half-a-dozen pictures no bigger than Millais's 'Huguenot;' and as good."

"And I'm sure you could do dozens and dozens as good as that," cried Laura. "Why, it's only a lady tying a scarf round her lover's arm, and a lot of green leaves. Of course it's very pretty, you know, and one feels very much for her, poor thing, and one's afraid that he'll let those cruel Catholics kill him, and that she'll die brokenhearted. But you could paint lots of pictures like that, Launcelot, if you chose."

The young man did not condescend to notice his affianced wife's art-criticism. He relapsed into gloomy silence, and once more betook himself to that savage kind of consolation afforded by a sturdy exercise of the poker.

"But, Launcelot," pleaded Miss Mason, presently, "I'm sure you needn't be unhappy about my having money, and you're being poor. There's Mr. de Crespigny's fortune, you know; he can't be shameful and wicked enough to leave it to any one but you. My guardian said, only the other day, that he thought it would be left to you."

"Oh, ah, to be sure," muttered Mr. Darrell, moodily; "there's *that* chance, of course."

"He couldn't leave Woodlands to those two old maids, you know, Launcelot, could he?"

To the surprise of the two listeners, Richard Thornton and Eleanor, the young man burst into a harsh disdainful laugh.

"My respected maiden aunts!" he exclaimed; "poor devils, they've had a nice time of it."

Until this moment Richard and Eleanor had most firmly believed that the will which disinherited Launcelot Darrell bequeathed the Woodlands fortune to the two maiden sisters, Lavinia and Sarah de Crespigny; but the young man's disdainful laugh, and the contemptuous, yet half pitying tone in which he spoke of the two sisters, plainly revealed that if he knew the secret of the disposal of Maurice de Crespigny's fortune, and knew that it was not left to himself, he knew also that equal disappointment and mortification awaited his aunts.

He had been in the habit of speaking of them with a savage though suppressed animosity. To-day his tone was utterly changed. He had a malicious pleasure, no doubt, in thinking of the disappointment in store for them; and he could afford now to feel a kind of disdainful compassion for all their wasted labors, their useless patience.

But to whom, then, could the fortune be left?

Eleanor and Richard looked at each other in amazement. It might have been supposed that the old man had left his wealth to Eleanor herself, influenced by the caprice that had induced him to attach himself to her, because of her likeness to his dead friend. But this could not be, for the invalid had distinctly declared that he should leave nothing but George Vane's miniature to his new favorite, Maurice de Crespigny was not a man to say one thing and mean another. He had spoken of a duty to be fulfilled, a duty which he was determined to perform.

Yet, to whom could he possibly owe any duty, except to his kindred? Had he any other relations except his three nieces and Launcelot Darrell? He might have other claims upon him. He might have some poor and modest kindred who had kept aloof from him and refrained from paying court to him, and whose forbearance he might choose to reward in an unlooked-for, unthought-of manner.

And again, he might have bequeathed his money to some charitable institution, or in trust for some new scheme of philanthropy. Such a course would scarcely be strange in a lonely old man, who in his nearest relations might only recognize eager, expectant harpies keeping anxious watch for the welcome hour of his death.

Eleanor Monckton did not trouble herself much about this question. She believed from Launcelot Darrell's manner, that Richard Thornton had drawn the right inference from the meeting of the young man and the lawyer's clerk.

She believed implicitly that Launcelot Darrell was disheartened by his gentle wooing, and that he was disappointed by the result of his visit to Windsor.

This belief inspired her with a new feeling. She could afford to be patient now. If Maurice de Crespigny should die suddenly, he would not die leaving his wealth to enrich the traitor who had cheated a helpless old man. Her only thought now must be to prevent Laura's marriage; and for this she must look to her husband, Gilbert Monckton.

"He will never let the girl whose destiny has been confided to him, marry a bad man," she thought; "I have only to tell him the story of my father's death, and to point to him Launcelot Darrell's guilt."

The dinner went off very quietly. Mr. Monckton was reserved and silent, as it had lately become his habit to be. Launcelot Darrell had still the gloomy, discontented air that had made him a very unpleasant companion throughout that day. The young man was not a hypocrite, and had no power of concealing his feelings. He could tell any number of lies that might be necessary for his own convenience or safety, but he was not a hypocite. Hypocrisy involves a great deal of trouble on the part of those who practice it; and is, moreover, the vice of a man who sets no little value upon the opinion of his fellow-creatures. Mr. Darrell was of a listless and easy temperament, and nourished an utter abhorrence of all work, either physical or mental. On the other hand, he had so good an opinion of himself as to be tolerably indifferent to the opinions of others.

If he had been accused of a crime, he would have denied having committed it for his own sake. But he never troubled himself to consider what other people might think of him, so long as their opinion had no power to affect his personal comfort or safety.

The cloth had been removed, for old-fashions held their ground at Tolldale Priory, where a dinner *a la Russe*, would have been looked upon as an absurd institution, more like children playing at a feast, than sensible people beat upon enjoying a substantial meal. The cloth had been removed, and that dreary ceremonial, a good old English desert was in progress, when a servant brought Launcelot Darrell a card upon a salver, and presented it to him solemnly amid the silence of the company.

The young man was sitting next Eleanor Monckton, and she saw that the card was of a highly glazed and slippery nature, and of an abnormal size, between the ordinary size of a gentleman's and a lady's card.

The blood rushed to Launcelot Darrell's forehead as he read the name upon the card, and Eleanor saw his under lip contract with a sudden movement, expressive of intense vexation.

"How did this—this gentleman come here?" he asked, turning to the servant.

"The gentleman has driven over from Hazlewood, sir. Hearing you were dining here, he came on to see you, he says; is he to be shown into the drawing-room?"

"Yes—no; I'll come out and see him. Will you excuse me, Mr. Monckton; this is an old acquaintance of mine? Rather a pertinacious acquaintance, as you may perceive by his manner of following me up to-night."

Mr. Darrell rose, pushed aside his chair, and went out of the dining-room, followed by the servant.

The hall was brilliantly lighted, and in the few moments during which the servant slowly followed Launcelot Darrell, Eleanor had an opportunity of seeing the stranger who had come to the Priory.

He was standing under the light of the large gas-lamp, shaking the rain-drops from his hat, and with his face turned towards the dining-room door.

He was short and stout, smartly dressed, and foppish-looking even in his travelling costume; and he was no other than the talkative Frenchman who had persuaded George Vane to leave his daughter alone upon the Boulevard on the night of August 11th, 1853. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRAYING TO DEATH.

We find in the Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) Advertiser an account of a singular superstition which still prevails among the natives. Notwithstanding their apparent conversion to Christianity it seems that at heart they still cherish their old superstitions. They believe in the power of *praying each other to death*. A missionary writes that he has just returned from a dreadful scene. One of Mr. S——'s grown up daughters, whom he baptised last February in full health, with no tangible disease, died of sheer terror at the conviction that some enemy was *praying her to death*. Young, strong, healthy, in the midst of her horror-stricken brothers and sisters, her vital powers were absolutely annihilated by the terrible conviction. This firm belief in the power of another to pray to death, is slaying the people like a horrible spectre.—Thus a system of "indirect assassination" is rapidly annihilating the people. It works thus—A affronts B, B goes to C, gives him ten dollars to pray A to death—tells A so, and A dies; of course A's father hears of it, goes to D, pays him fifteen dollars to pray B and C to death. Tells B and C, who also die! What nation could stand it?

☞ What is the difference between forms and ceremonies? You sit on forms, stand on ceremonies.

THE DESERTED.

And does he smile for me?
How the first hour we met,
Ere the sealed kiss had set,
This pulse was stirred?
How were the vows of each
Too deep for sound to reach,
From from the chains of speech,
Fathomed not heard!

How did I gather fast,
Moments too ripe to last,
Moments forever passed,
Moments divine!
But when the parting came,
Whose was the grief and blame?
Whose was the loss and shame?
Mine, only mine!

On the slow wings of day
Float the sad years away,
Till the dark hair is gray,
Till youth is o'er;
Till the warm blood is gone,
Till the bright cheek is wan,
And till the eyes which shone
Shine never more.

Yet in the dreams of night
Comes back my lost delight,
Making the darkness bright,
Leaving me never,
Speaks in the olden tone,
My hand within his own,
Words which are mine alone,
Now and forever.

When from a dream like this
Wakened by tears of bliss,
How the young morning's kiss
Thrills me with pain!
How dull the day appears,
Seen through the mist of tears,
Till my horizon clears
Mightily again!

THE TIGER;

OR,

The Peril of Florence Merton.

I.

The parade was over and the men dismissed. The morning sun was just beginning to get strong as the colonel and I rode from the ground together. It was our wont to return home in company, partly because I was his adjutant, and there were always regimental matters to talk over on the way; and partly because I was his intimate friend, and usually took some early tea at his bungalow before proceeding to my own, which adjoined.

Our regiment was quartered at Benares, at that time a very favorite station in the North-West Provinces of India. It may be a favorite station still, but I will not answer for the fact; for nearly all things have changed in India since the time of which I write, and it would be strange indeed if the attractions of Benares remained as they were.

Well, the colonel and I rode towards his bungalow. There was a silence for some minutes, which I did not break, as I generally gave him an opportunity of alluding to possible regimental subjects before volunteering general conversation.

But on this morning he was evidently occupied with some private reflections; for service matters were not likely to cause him the anxiety that his countenance betrayed.

At last his thoughts found tongue, and he said abruptly,

"I have news for you, Aylmar—news that you do not expect."

I might have been sure, had I thought twice, or indeed thought at all, that no matters relating to myself were likely to have made him gloomy or mysterious; but I must confess that my first impression on hearing of "news" had reference to a step which, by the way, I *did* expect in the regiment, and to a possible political appointment which I was using his interest to obtain. I was all attention in a moment, and reined in my horse so close to the colonel's that the two steeds were in the immediate interchange of confidences which threatened to come to kicks.

"No, my boy," said the colonel, smiling, and guessing my disinterested idea; "no, I have heard nothing as yet of the political agency; what I have to tell you concerns myself—ourselves."

I dare say you will not believe it, but I solemnly declare that I was more interested than before, and asked, with unfeigned earnestness, to hear more.

"Well," continued the colonel, "my news is this. The express, bringing the English letters, arrived this morning, just as I was mounting my horse, and there is no letter from Meredith. This makes a whole year that he has missed writing, and I have made up my mind to return to England by the next ship."

It was startling news indeed to me, and I scarcely knew how to receive it. I could only say:

"And Miss Merton?"

"It is on her account, of course, that we go," interrupted the colonel. "I consider that Meredith's conduct is not only injurious to Florence, but insulting to me—to the family; and I am determined, on my arrival in England, to call him to account. He shall find that I will not be put off with any but the most satisfactory explanation. Not only my own honor is the matter, but the state of my daughter's health induces me to take this step. Florence will never, I am convinced, give up the man without the strongest proof against him; and the state of uncertainty in which we are kept threatens to produce upon her the unhappiest effects."

I made but little remark upon what he told me, and we both pursued our reflections until we arrived at the house, where Miss Merton came forth upon the verandah to meet us.

I was prepared to see her looking pale and anxious. She had been so when I had seen her a week before. But I was not prepared for the change which had been wrought in her even in that short interval. The white dress of Dacca muslin which she wore was not more white than her skin, which, always delicately fair, had usually sufficient color in it to indicate health. And yet her paleness did not seem the result of indisposition; on the contrary, it appeared perfectly natural, and even appropriate to her beauty. Of this the main features were a somewhat tall and singularly graceful figure; a face of marvellous delicacy and sweetness, lit up by great eyes compounded of meaning and mystery; and fair hair simply fastened up, but falling in masses wherever it could. She looked so strange and wild that one might have fancied her possessed, and in the fascination which she cast around her there appeared something of the nature of a spell. These characteristics were remarkable at all times, but at the present were heightened by causes which, already alluded to by the colonel, require only a few words of explanation from me.

Florence Merton had been betrothed for the last three years to an officer in the medical service, whose first acquaintance with the family dated some years further back, when he joined the regiment of which Colonel Merton was then major in the quality of assistant-surgeon. The excitement and exposure of the last campaign had so affected his health as to necessitate a journey home. It was nearly two years since he had sailed, and once only had a letter been received from him. This was posted immediately on his landing at Gravesend, and assured his betrothed that he was already greatly invigorated by the voyage, and that, if he continued to progress at the same rate, he should get the remainder of his leave cancelled, and return to India in a very few months. This was the last that had been heard of Arthur Meredith. Florence had written several letters to him, without waiting for a reply, as you may suppose; for in those days, when the Overland Route was among the things that were not, and the voyage around the Cape was by no means so speedy as now, the despatch of a letter and the receipt of its answer involved the greater portion of a year. But after her several missives had been despatched without the receipt of an acknowledgment even of the first, her pride forbade her to write more; and she had now been for a year the victim of a terrible heart-sickness which comes from hope deferred.

Florence had not been without the consolation of a companion of her own sex during this time of trial. Her mother lived, and was all to her that a mother should be—who attends strictly to her duties, and has no idea beyond. She had educated her daughter herself, and brought her up with the greatest care. The duties she had undertaken were the more onerous, as Florence, born in India, had not been sent home, as are the majority of European children; her parents never having persuaded themselves to part with their only child, and the colonel's duties, rendered more than ever imperative during war, not having permitted him to make the voyage himself. But Mrs. Merton, though a person of excellent breeding, and more accomplished perhaps than most ladies of her day, was rather too conventional, and I am afraid I must say narrow minded, to understand her daughter, or to allow her daughter to understand her. She was very fond of Florence, but objected strongly to her strange, mysterious ways, which I am inclined to think she considered not quite respectable; and I have heard her say that she would feel more sympathy with her daughter's depression of spirits if they had not quite so theatrical an appearance.

The consequence was, that Florence, without having a tincture of false sentiment or affectation of any kind in her composition, was not so confidential with her mother as she would have been with a less material kind of person; and so she grew more strange and mysterious, perhaps, than she would otherwise have been. She had certainly ways of her own which were singularly unlike those of other people. Her temper, as a general rule, was as sweet as her manners were gentle. But there were times when she would betray irritation evidently beyond her control, and her strong though brief burst of passion were not pleasant to see. I can answer, at any rate, for one of them, at which time the expression of her face—of her eyes especially—irresistibly reminded me of that of a *cat*. In her natural state of repose there was nothing whatever to recall of that animal. During the fit of indignation which it was my misfortune to witness, she was very bitter against Meredith; declared that she had done him from the bottom of her heart, and that no earthly power should ever induce her to become his wife. Whenever she "so far forgot herself"—to use Mrs. Merton's words of alluding to her raving—I was sure that her words were always directed against her absent lover; and that was the more remarkable, as in her usual state of repose she always declared she would not believe in his perfidy, and was certain that his silence would be eventually explained. With the exception of the peculiarities I have noticed, there was not only nothing to distinguish her demeanor from that of any young lady of the most perfect refinement, but her amiability of disposition was expressed in all her actions. Even the mysterious fascination which I have mentioned as belonging to her did not detract from this impression. If a fairy had been at work upon her, it was a good fairy, as any rate.

I said that I had noticed all her peculiarities. There is one, however, that I have omitted, and it may seem too trifling to notice at all. I had met her upon dozens of occasions when full dress had been the rule, and had never once seen her in a dress which displayed the neck below the throat. In one manner or another she had always been rigorously covered up, and there was no instance of her having been seen in a décolleté style of toilette. Curiously enough, though every body else remarked upon the *fact*, neither the colonel nor Mrs. Merton ever alluded to it. You may suppose, therefore, that, intimate as I was with the family, I never ventured to introduce the subject myself.

On the morning to which I refer I stayed to breakfast, at the pressing solicitation of the ladies, as well as of the colonel, all being of opinion that I might do them some service in arranging their plans. These, however, were very simple. Their departure involved no difficulties, as the colonel's furlough had been due for some years. Little more remained, therefore, than to obtain the formal permission from authority, place the household furniture, &c., in the hands of an agent for sale, and secure cabins in a passenger ship that was to sail in a few months' time from Calcutta.

Colonel Merton did not avow to his daughter the reason which induced him to seek this sudden change; but the probability of meeting with Meredith was freely discussed, and Florence did not conceal her delight at the idea. It was only on the colonel's return from parade that she had learned his intentions, and already it had a perceptible effect upon her spirits, evinced in her manner, and even her appearance. By the time breakfast was over, indeed, she had lost the extreme paleness which had startled me on my entrance, and looked more like herself than she had looked for months before. Mrs. Merton, on her daughter leaving the room, remarked upon the change, and the hopes which she ventured to found upon it.

And now another question arose—Why should not I, who had so long lived in such intimate alliance with my good friends, take this opportunity of making a voyage to England myself? My health for some time past had been such as would have amply justified a sick-certificate, and the only reason why I had not applied for one before was my unwillingness to leave my post even temporarily while Colonel Merton remained in command of the regiment. Moreover, myself and the officer upon whom the command would devolve were not the best of friends; and although this would be of little importance to me as a subaltern in the corps, it would interfere very much with my position as adjutant. This consideration decided me, and I applied for leave at the same time as the colonel.

Very few days elapsed before the replies were received. My medical certificate was considered quite satisfactory, and the colonel's claim was of course indisputable. So our passages were soon taken in the *Hoogley*, one of Green's best ships, bound for London; and two days before the date of her sailing we were all safely in Calcutta.

II.

The usual official formalities before departure occupied the greater part of the time we had to spare; but every thing was eventually arranged, and almost at the last moment we went on board the *Hoogley* in high spirits, and prepared to make the best of the monotonous voyage before us.

It was sunset when we went on board, and the ship was to sail at daybreak. Our effects had been embarked before, and most of the preparations were already made. But something still remained to be done in the arrangement of the cabins, &c.; and after I had given as much assistance to the ladies as lay in my power, I was about to pay a little attention to my own comforts, when an unexpected incident put boxes and bedding and all minor matters out of my head for a considerable time.

I had proceeded on deck to search for the purser, who could not be found below, when looking for'ard I perceived Colonel Merton hastening towards me, deadly pale, and in a state of agitation such as I had never witnessed in him before. A few rapid strides brought him to my side.

"My dear Aylmar," said he, seizing me convulsively by the shoulder, "go below and bring my wife up to me at once; I must speak to her on matters of the highest importance. Do not bring Florence, on any account, nor even hint to her that there is any thing the matter. Do this, and—oblige me," he added, remembering, I suppose, that his request was a little peremptory.

I should willingly have obeyed a request even more in the form of a command from my old colonel and dear friend, whose honest and inshbke character had compelled even my admiration and regard. But the colonel's strange manner was sufficient to put any such consideration out of my head. I ran below without a moment's hesitation, and fortunately found Mrs. Merton alone in her cabin, Florence being busily engaged in superintending the arrangement of her own domain. She had met with some old acquaintances on board, who were going home in the ship, and was contributing to the conversation which ensued with a vivacity quite unusual to her even in ordinary times. She had indeed changed during the month that had elapsed since the colonel made up his mind to go home. The color had returned to her cheeks, and, though the wild beauty of her eyes still remained, there was nothing in her manner and appearance which recalled her former mysterious state; nothing that might not appropriately belong to a healthy, happy, and handsome English girl.

I told my mission to Mrs. Merton in a few words, and she accompanied me to the deck. The colonel was sitting near the capstan, leaning over the back of the seat, his head buried in his hands. Mrs. Merton disengaged herself from my arm and touched her husband on the shoulder. I was about to withdraw, so as not to seem to intrude upon their conversation, when the colonel roused himself and stood upon his feet.

"No, my friend," said he, anticipating my movement; "do not leave me; I may have to ask a service from you. But first tell me, dear," he said, turning to his wife,—"can you make up your mind to go on shore again with Florence and myself, and postpone our voyage until next month?"

"My dear Charles, you must have taken leave of your senses—after all our boxes are on board, too, and every thing nearly arranged in the cabins!"

"Better the boxes should be at the bottom of the sea," pursued the colonel, "than we encounter the peril that awaits us in this ship."

"I know not what peril you can mean, Charles," said Mrs. Merton, "unless the ship is a bad one and likely to get lost; in which case, of course, it would be better not to go in her. But we must remember that the luggage is all in the hold, which is closed, and will not be opened for two or three days."

The colonel made an exclamation of impatience, and led his wife aside, motioning to me not to leave. The pair talked together for a few minutes, in the course of which Mrs. Merton, I could not but observe, became almost as agitated as her husband had been a short time before. Presently they returned together, when Mrs. Merton left the colonel and myself together, and proceeded once more below.

A silence followed, broken at last by Colonel Merton, who addressed me with an evident effort.

"Aylmar, we have been friends, and good friends, for some years; and I know I can trust you. I am placed in a position of danger, which I need your assistance to avert—if, indeed, it is to be averted at all. But before I can explain its full significance, I must inform you of some family matters which are known to nobody besides myself, except my wife, my daughter, and one other person. Are you prepared to listen?"

I could not trust myself to speak, but motioned assent. The colonel continued:

"It is now nearly ten years ago since the regiment which I have lately commanded was, in the usual course of relief, ordered up country. The corps has been, as you know, half over India in the meantime; but it was then ordered from Barrackpore to Cawnpore. The march was a long one; but as things were quiet in the country, there was nothing to prevent my wife and daughter accompanying me to our new station. They accordingly proceeded with the regiment, travelling, as usual, in palankeens. Florence was at that time (she is now eighteen) scarcely more than eight years old. She was a remarkably forward child for her age, full of the highest animal spirits, and sometimes a little beyond control. But this will happen in a country where children are generally spoiled by servants; and she was so thoroughly good-hearted, and there was such a charm, even then, in her presence, that it was impossible to quarrel with her; and so she became surrounded by a crowd of good-natured persons, who were in a perpetual conspiracy to let her do exactly as she pleased.

"Well, we marched through the greater part of Bengal without adventure, and without any noticeable change, except that Florence, gaining health and strength by the journey, gained also in animal spirits and audacity. Her natural love of excitement, thus stimulated, brought upon her a terrible disaster.

"It happened one day when we were halted near Shergotty. It was close upon sunset, and we were soon to resume our march. In the cool evenings my wife and daughter very frequently rode on with me at the head of the camp for a few miles, before getting into their palankeens. They were about to do so on this occasion, and Florence, being mounted first, was, as usual, impatient to set out. The tents, however, were not yet struck, and Florence was told to wait for a short time. This she had not the patience to do; but declaring, as I was afterwards told, her intention to ride on a short distance and return, she gave her pony the rein and dashed on ahead at full speed. The ayah followed as well as she was able, but was soon left hopelessly behind; and the pony and its rider were lost soon to mere speck in the distance, a dancer in the road then hiding them completely from view. The march was about to commence, when, being mounted myself, I looked about for Florence. A dozen voices were raised in chorus to answer to my inquiries, and a dozen hands pointed in the direction she had taken. Without dreaming of the catastrophe which was really impending, I still knew that there was great danger involved in a young child proceeding by herself on a lonely road, especially towards nightfall, when the dangers are necessarily doubled both for man and beast. So I put spur to my horse—it was old Rajah, who at that time went like the wind—and started in pursuit at full gallop. I must have ridden nearly three miles, looking on ahead and seeing nothing, when Rajah gave a start, followed by a bound from one side of the road to the other, and then stood still, his nostrils distended, his flanks quivering, and his whole body trembling with fright.

"I was not long in finding the cause; which, in truth, frightened me as much as it did my poor horse. The first object I saw, lying among the jungle by the side of the road was my daughter's pony, its clean white body disfigured by a hideous wound in the flank, while another laid bare the bones of his neck. Close beside knelt on one knee an officer—I saw at a glance that he wore our uniform—supporting my poor little girl, who was in an apparently lifeless state. She was fainting from fright and a severe wound in the shoulder, caused by the claws of some wild beast, which had torn the flesh in a horrible manner. I recognized the gentleman supporting her at once, though I had but a slight personal acquaintance with him. He was our assistant-surgeon, who had joined us only on the eve of the march."

"It was Meredith, then," I interposed.

"Yes," continued the colonel; "it was Meredith; and it was fortunate that he was a medical man, for his professional ministrations were at once employed in reviving her, and he bound up her shoulder too with great care and skill. It seems that he also had been wandering out from camp with his rifle, thinking perhaps to meet with a bear, little knowing how much those animals abounded at that time near Shergotty. He was returning in haste, in order to join the camp before the march, when he saw the pony, with poor Florence upon it, walking along the road, to take breath apparently after a hard run. Almost at the same instant he saw a tiger, a young but still a large beast, approach stealthily from the jungle, and make a spring at the unfortunate animal, alighting upon the neck, and pulling it down at once. The child, though shaking with fright, managed to extricate herself from the saddle before the pony fell, which she was the better able to do as the tiger made his spring from the off-side of the animal; but, though she had cast off the stirrup, there was some impediment caused by the habit, and she was thrown to the ground. It was then that the tiger, as if to prevent her from rising, gave her the claw upon the shoulder, to which the thin covering she wore afforded scarcely any protection. The monster had hitherto kept one paw upon the neck of the pony, thus holding him down, and giving him a heavy blow on the flank to keep him quiet. But his attention being diverted to the child, he was just about to abandon the brute for the human prey when Meredith came up. The tiger now turned upon the new-comer, and man and beast glared at one another for an instant, as if to measure their respective forces. Meredith was the first to act. With rare intrepidity he dashed into close quarters, and, with the only barrel he had loaded, put a bullet, not into the animal's head, at which he had aimed, but merely into his shoulder. A remarkably good shot at most times, the suddenness of the encounter had unsteadied his hand. It was a terrible crisis. The wounded animal gave a roar of rage on feeling himself hit, which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is the immediate prelude to a spring. But Meredith by this time had all his nerve at command, and, remembering that a sudden noise will sometimes have the effect of scaring wild beasts, he raised a kind of war-whoop, and rushed furiously at the animal, brandishing his rifle, which he held with both hands by the muzzle, above his head at the same time. The chances were greatly against him, but his bold front had the desired effect. The animal hesitated for a second or two, then quailed, turned round, and ran back into the jungle. Meredith had just time to raise my child, who had fallen fainting to the ground, when I came up. The wound which poor Florence had received was of little account compared with the mental shock. It was long before she was restored to consciousness, and was sufficiently revived to be taken back to camp. The colonel (I was only major in the regiment at the time) was humane enough to risk a reprimand, and to stop the march of the regiment that night; and the next day our patient was well enough to be moved. The wound was healed in a reasonable time, though the marks still remain; as a general rule almost imperceptible, but under any circumstances of excitement painfully apparent. The mental malady was more difficult to cure, for years as a direct consequence of the fright. Florence, as you may imagine, was very much attached to the pony, which was a present to her from me, and the sight of the poor beast lying dead, and torn to pieces by the tiger, was a terrible shock to her. Then, as I have said, the fright was a terrible one, and for years afterwards, as I have told you, she was subject to fits of nervous terror, which were brought on by any sudden excitement. Of late years she has quite recovered from this weakness, and has not been quite herself, as I have said, since Meredith left us. Her betrothal to him was entirely the result of her gratitude for his having saved her life, and her personal qualities besides being such as could not fail to secure love and esteem, you may imagine that from that time we were almost inseparable friends. He still remained with the regiment after we got into quarters; and during our intimacy there my little daughter, whose gratitude knew no bounds, always said that when she grew up nobody else but Meredith should be her husband. We only laughed at the idea at the time. The war broke out; the regiment went to the front; Meredith and I saw more than one bloody fight together, and a great deal of arduous campaigning, far away from where the women and children awaited our return. But when the *reunion did* take place, Meredith, of his own accord, avowed his desire that the child's wish should be realized. He offered himself in fact for my daughter, who was then little more than sixteen, but greatly advanced for her years. Florence had her own choice in the matter, and accepted him without hesitation; it being arranged, however, that the marriage should not take place for two years. In the meantime you know what has occurred. The silence of Meredith seems inexplicable, but I am still in hopes that it may be explained; and it is to obtain an explanation of some kind that I am on my way to England. That he is alive is certain enough, otherwise his death would have been publicly announced in Orders."

I had been so interested in the narrative as to be patient up to this time; but as the colonel paused, I interposed.

"But, my dear colonel, you have not told me the nature of your present difficulty, which makes you so reluctant to proceed in this ship."

"Truly," he returned; "you bring me back to my misery, which I had half forgotten. It is simply this—there is a tiger on board."

Such was indeed the fact. A large tiger was shipped, in order to be conveyed to England, for consignment to a zoological garden. It was in a cage which had been stowed for'ard, where first-class passengers, if ladies, would seldom or never venture, but where there was nothing to prevent them from venturing if they chose. The possible danger to Miss Merton from the neighborhood of the animal was obvious; and the question to be settled was, how to avert the evil. A very short discussion of pros and cons made it apparent that it was too late to change our plans, and wait for the next ship. Apart from other reasons, such an arrangement would be highly undesirable, considering that we had no plausible excuse to assign to Miss Merton for the change. This alternative was therefore soon rejected, and so our resources became considerably narrowed. At last we agreed to do what any other helpless men must have done under the same circumstances—to run the hazard of ultimate discovery, and to conceal from Miss Merton, by all means in our power, the presence of the beast on board. For this purpose we resolved to let our few acquaintances among the passengers into the secret, and, with their co-operation, to prevent Miss Merton, if possible, from visiting the fore part of the ship. The roaring of the animal was a contingency to be dreaded; but we could only hope that the animal would not roar, and that, if it did, it would not be heard.

III.

We weighed anchor on the following morning, and got out of the river without accident. Once at sea, and fairly committed to the course we had agreed upon, we felt comparatively content, although still in a painful state of anxiety; but the feeling wore off by degrees, as we found day after day that nothing occurred to justify our fears. This, however, was owing to our precautions, which we took care never to relax. Whenever Miss Merton went upon deck, one of our party always accompanied her, or kept her in sight. Fortunately for our purpose, the young lady was not inclined to

...ceased visiting Hull. If any difference of opinion ever took place between her husband and herself, it was about her son, and the property which fell to him on the death of his grandfather, Captain Merton, of the East India Company's service, who had left the whole of his property to his grandson, on condition that he should not succeed to possession till he was of a certain age, or married, or to our great joy, and sudden dejection himself for any thing but his fault; and when she was deprived of it, he patiently settled himself to study. Then we made our voyage without incident until within some ten days of the Cape, where we were to touch. Up to this point we had been unaware of the severe trial that was in store for us.

I should have mentioned, however, that Miss Merton, from the time she came on board, began to lose her newly-acquired stock of health and animal spirits; and her condition at last grew so serious, that it became desirable to consult a medical man concerning her. But the ship's doctor was unfortunately on the sick-list himself, having been confined to his cabin for a fortnight with a low fever. I had my doubts whether was ordinary medical man could do any good in the case of Miss Merton, who appeared to me to require some one to "minister to a mind diseased;" so settled around the melancholy that had taken possession of her.

It was while we were in a state of painful anxiety concerning her that an unexpected event brought matters to a crisis. We were about ten days from the Cape, as I have said, when one morning the look-out man announced a sail on the starboard-bow. In those days vessels did not cross each other with the frequency that they do now upon this route, and the ship was an object of general curiosity. It proved to be a passenger-ship, like our own, and belonging to the same owners; and it immediately occurred to Colonel Merton that we might take advantage of this opportunity to obtain some, at anyrate temporary, assistance for the patient. The ship's captain, who was a very kind-hearted man, was quite willing; and when the *Windsor Castle* hove to, the chief-officer, who was going on board of her, was directed to make an application. The chance gave new life to the friends of poor Florence; and we were all greatly overjoyed, when, on the boat putting back, we saw *two* persons instead of one sitting in the stern-sheets. A few minutes afterwards the boat was alongside, and the chief officer and his companion stepped upon the deck.

At this instant, when the passengers had all assembled to see the strange ship, and hear the news from home—even Florence having been persuaded to arouse herself, weak as she was, and scarcely able to walk without support—a cry of many voices arose from the forecastle, and mingled with it the roar of a wild-beast. Then were heard a clatter as of iron bolts and bars, a rattle of chains, a great rush of feet, a struggle of heavy bodies, and tongues raised in fright and confusion.

The fact was plain to us all—all save one. It was the feeding-hour of the tiger. His attendants were not proof against the common curiosity, and had neglected to fasten his door. The beast had broken loose among us!

The scene was now terrible indeed. "The tiger! the tiger! the tiger!" was echoed by a hundred voices, as the beast came rushing from the forecastle on to the quarter-deck, knocking over all who opposed his way. On the quarter-deck the confusion was even more intense. Ladies ran in all directions, shrieking like maniacs, and dropping one by one as they fainted from fright. Strong men turned pale, but made a dash at the cutlasses suspended in the cabin hatch-way—the only weapons at hand. I was standing near the colonel and his family when the alarm was raised. I secured a cutlass and the colonel another, and we were both in time to take up our position near the ladies by the time the beast came our way. Mrs. Merton dropped upon the deck insensible at the first alarm. Florence kept her senses, but raised a shriek of horror that I shall never forget. The colonel and myself had no time to pay little attentions; all we could do was to try our best to keep off the tiger. As the beast was making in our direction, we covered the ladies as well as we could by standing before them, and prepared to meet the onslaught. Heaven knows how our weapons, but ill adapted for thrusting, would have availed us; but fortunately they and ourselves were not put to the test. The tiger came rushing on, but before he could reach us some person, armed apparently with an iron bar, interposed between us. Holding the bar with both hands, he brought it down upon the head of the beast with such force as to stun him for a time. The time was short; but a short time was enough. It gave an opportunity to one of the officers to bring one of the ship's pistols, a ball from which entered the brain of the brute, who threw up his head to roar, but could utter no sound; a convulsion passed over his frame, and he dropped—dead.

We could now turn to Florence, who by this time was scarcely more alive than the tiger. She revived, however, promptly, and our curiosity was next attracted to the person who had met the brute in so courageous a manner. It was the doctor who had come on board from the *Windsor Castle*. I was about, with others near me, to express my gratitude for the signal service he had rendered us, when a new surprise awaited me. The colonel and the doctor recognized one another.

"Meredith, you here!"

"Colonel Merton, I certainly did not expect to meet you."

"Nor I you, sir," returned the colonel, a little haughtily, as he remembered the object of his visit to England.

"My dear colonel," rejoined Meredith, who was much agitated, "I know you have a right to think all that is bad of me; but trust all shall be explained."

The colonel was melted in a moment, and the pair shook hands.

Then came the meeting with Florence; and the explanations took so long that the *Windsor Castle* was preparing to make sail before they were over. The meeting, however, had changed Meredith's plans; so, instead of returning on board himself, he only sent a boat for his baggage. The two ships then parted company, and we proceeded on our course.

The remainder of the morning was occupied in attendance upon Florence, whose state was rendered still more critical by the new shock. But she revived wonderfully well, and in a few hours ceased to cause anxiety. In the course of the afternoon I learned from the colonel the circumstances which had led to the unexpected meeting. Meredith had not been in reality the recreant lover he had appeared. His letter written from Gravesend had arrived safely, because he had despatched it himself. Its successors had been intercepted by his father, at whose house he had been staying; the family entertaining objections to the proposed match. For the same reasons his Indian letters were kept from him; and he had been thus cut off from communication with his betrothed. An accident revealed to him the cruel duplicity with which he had been treated; and immediately upon the discovery he lost no time in setting out to India. Another circumstance also confirmed him in his undertaking, but to this he did not more particularly refer at the time. Is was fortunate for him that his leave (of which a considerable extension had been granted him) was not yet out, and that he had deferred making an application to resume duty until his arrival in Calcutta; otherwise his return home at this juncture would have been attended with unpleasant consequences. As it was, he had full leisure to carry out his present purpose.

Meredith's efforts on behalf of the patient were, as I have said, attended immediately with favorable results. These became more manifest every day, and by the time we arrived at the Cape, Florence was in even better health than when she had set out on the voyage. At the Cape we were detained for a few days, to enable us to repair a slight accident; and here occurred an event which may seem somewhat sudden, compared with the leisurely way of managing such matters prevalent at home. We all went and spent the spare time on shore, as a matter of course; and when we returned on board a change had occurred in the condition of two of the party, Meredith and Florence being man and wife. The colonel very sensibly remarked, that if the persons mainly concerned saw no reason for delay, there was no occasion for others to start difficulties, so his consent was easily obtained; while Mrs. Merton was really so solicitous for her daughter's happiness, that she offered no opposition beyond a few conventional scruples, which were easily overruled.

Our voyage came to an end without further incident. Mrs. Meredith has never had a return of the old symptoms, and the last time I saw her was at the Zoological Gardens; so you may guess that she is not much disturbed by ideas in which wild-beasts are concerned. She was then in perfect health, and looking more beautiful than ever. Meredith did not return to India, after, all, but resigned the service for more pleasant and profitable employment at home. His friends all agree, that if he is not a happy man, he must be hard to please. It is satisfactory, too, to be able to add, that Mrs. Meredith has her ball-dresses made after the same fashion as other ladies, and that no traces of a reason exist for her wearing them, as formerly, high up in the throat.

I should not omit to mention the nature of the incident which decided Meredith upon returning to India before his leave was up. It was a dream; and this is how he described it to me one night when I had been dining at his house. Mrs. Meredith had retired early; and when we were left to ourselves, our conversation took a serious turn:

"I dreamed," said Meredith, "that I was standing alone in the midst of a wild Indian Jungle. I had lost my way. I knew not whither to turn, and was considering how I might shape my course by the sun, which was then sinking in the west, when I heard a sudden rustling in some bushes close by. I had scarcely time to turn, when a young tiger sprang towards me with a bound. I drew back, to place myself on my guard; but the tiger, instead of showing any signs of ferocity, seemed as timid as a hare, crouched at my feet, and plainly sought my protection against some supposed danger. I stooped and stroked its neck, and soothed it as one would a favorite dog. Still it was not pacified, but cried out with fear, shrinking and trembling in every limb. As I renewed my caresses, in order to assure it of my sympathy, the fear of the cause changed, and in its place I distinctly saw the features of Florence, her eyes wet with tears, and showing unmistakable signs of distress and terror. The vision disappeared while I was trying to speak to it, and then I woke with a start. But it remained so strongly impressed upon my mind as to decide me upon returning to India.

"I did not mention to you at the time, by the way—I did not mention it to anybody, indeed, but the colonel—that the tiger we killed on board the *Hoogly* was the same as the one that had attended poor Florence when she was a child. The Shergotty one could not have been more than a couple of years old, and the apparent age of the one they were bringing home would correspond exactly with the time that has since elapsed. Moreover, I have another proof. I superintended the operation of taking that rug off him."

(I was sitting with my feet on a tiger-skin rug—preserved with the skull and claws on, in a very sportsman-like manner—before Meredith's study-fire.)

"Well," continued Meredith, "if you look at the skin, you will find a bullet-hole in the shoulder; and here is the bullet I took from the flesh underneath. I always carry it about with me—there may be a charm in it."

And as he spoke he took from a little bag which he wore round his neck a rifle-bullet of a conical shape, somewhat flattened near the point, as it might be had it come in contact with a hard substance like a bone.

I did not like to make the remark, but I could not help remembering that conical bullets were not used at the time when the Shergotty adventure came to pass. Meredith, anticipated my objection.

"The shape of the bullet," said he, "I consider conclusive evidence. This one, you will observe, although conical, does not altogether resemble those now in use. Its peculiarities enable me to identify it as one of a batch that I had cast by way of experiment; for it occurred to me, as it did to many other men, years ago, that the spherical-shaped bullet was not the most effective. Moreover, this bullet fits the rifle which I used at the time perfectly."

After these facts I was not disposed to make any objection as to the identity of the tiger. But the remembrance of the strange story in which it was concerned set me thinking. However, I did no more than make a vague remark to the effect that the circumstances which had been recalled to my recollection were of a "very curious" character.

"Very curious, indeed," echoed Meredith musingly. "Of course every circumstance, from the adventure at Shergotty to the death of the tiger on board the *Hoogly*, can be accounted for by purely natural causes. What more natural than that I, being out prowling for prey, should come across my future wife, who was playing truant from the camp? What more natural than that, for the little service I was able to render her, she should be very grateful to me as a child, and very loving to me as a woman? What more natural than that she should pine away and grow wild when she thought I had jilted her? What more natural than that she should be revived by the excitement of going home, and fall in strength as the excitement wore off? What more natural than that she should recover under my professional attendance?—my non-professional presence having, I will admit, just a little to do with it. And as for my dream, nothing could be more natural than that. All of my mind that was not full of Florence was occupied with tigers; and when I dreamed in earnest, of course I dreamed of both. It may be that there were other influences at work, and that the relations between Florence and the tiger and myself were of a less comprehensible character. But it is of no use talking about things that we don't understand, and I think we shall both sleep more pleasantly to-night if we agree to consider the whole affair as nothing more than a striking adventure, a mental shock, and a couple of curious coincidences."

☞ A short time since as a well-known English master in a grammar school was censuring his pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum in practice, he said, "Is not the price of a penny loaf always a penny?" when the boy innocently replied, "No, sir, the bakers sell them two for three half-pence when they are stale."

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, of Wayne county, Ky, have twenty-two children. This is perhaps the most extensive Brewery in the West.

☞ "Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?" "Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

☞ FRENCHY.—A Frenchman, wishing to say of a young lady that she was as gentle as a lamb, thus expressed himself—"She be mooch tame like the petite mouton!"

☞ A maiden lady in Hatfield, Hampshire county, Mass., paid an income tax for last year on $10,000. Where are all the bachelors?

☞ The greatest capture mentioned in modern history was made by Bonaparte at Austerlitz, where he took 20,000 men. General Grant, it is now reported, took nearly 32,000 at Vicksburg. Napoleon's spoils at Austerlitz was 150 pieces of artillery; General Grant's at Vicksburg is stated to be 230—embracing nine siege guns and 200 pieces of light artillery.

NEWS ITEMS.

A DEVICE OF CUPID.—The Richmond papers declare that the loss of Vicksburg is of no consequence to the rebels. The Richmond *Whig* (Ala.) Mail says, on the contrary, that the "key of the Mississippi is not the confederation of every farm in that state, would not compensate us for the loss of Vicksburg."

A BETROTHAL RING.—At Tiffany's, New York, is exhibited the betrothal ring ordered by Napoleon for Prince Imperial for his bride, Miss Kate Chase, a diamond solitaire set in enamel and not chased. It is a beautiful and tasteful ornament, worthy of the beautiful young lady who is the happy possessor of the token. The price of the ring was $1,500.

☞ It appears from a trial lately made at Bourges that carrier pigeons can still compete in speed with railways. Last week one hundred and forty-five pigeons were liberated at Bourges at five o'clock in the morning, for a race to Vierzon. The first prize was gained by a pigeon which arrived at his pigeon-house at Vierzon at fifty-four minutes past twelve. The last arrival was at eleven minutes past one. Thus, in less than nine hours, these birds performed a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues, or three hundred and seventy-five miles—a speed which no French railway can equal.

THE Bourgmaster of Vienna says:—"M. Talcen, when conversing in one of the first circles of Vienna, summarily expressed his opinion on the Polish question in the following phrase, which we can guarantee as authentic:—'It is very difficult and very dangerous to interfere in the affairs of a nation whose frontiers are not known.' This remark has had great success here."

GEN. HOOKER writes an army correspondent, after being relieved of the command on the Army of the Potomac, proceeded on horseback and almost unattended, to Baltimore. Night overtook him on the way, and taking his saddle from his horse as a pillow, he rolled himself in a blanket, and slept on the ground without shelter. He had just surrendered the command of fifty thousand men, and spoke of it to his intimate friends without bitterness, or any other regret than that he could not share in the approaching conflict.

THE Chambersburg (Pa.) Valley Spirit says that while that ancient borough was under rebel rule, a rebel soldier applied to a lady for an axe to cut down a liberty pole which had stood in the public square ever since the great uprising of the people upon the fall of Fort Sumter. She refused to give the axe. He drew his pistol from his belt and threatened to shoot her unless she complied with his demand. She replied, with perfect coolness, "You can put twenty bullets through my heart, but you cannot force me to give you an axe to cut down that pole."

THE rebel papers admit that the new conscription in the South cannot bring into the field over 100,000 more men.

MELANCHOLY FAMILY COINCIDENCES.—The death of Major McCook furnishes some melancholy coincidences in the history of his family in connection with the war. His youngest son, Charles, was killed at the first battle of Bull Run, on the 21st day of July, 1861; his son, Colonel Robert McCook, was killed on the 21st day of July, 1862, and the father was himself killed on the 21st day of July, 1863, Major Daniel McCook died a soldier's death. When Morgan invaded Ohio, McCook, like many other patriotic citizens, rushed to arms for its defence. *He volunteered, an old gray-headed man, a brave man and a gentleman*, and in the very hour of victory received his death-wound.

IT is related that an old woman ventured out in the midst of Morgan and his men in a little town in Indiana, and inquired of a rebel, who was sitting backwards upon his "frame," "Whar is the gayriller?" "D'ye mean John Morgan?" "Yaas, jest so." "Then he is," said the reb, pointing to Libby. "Well," said the old lady, eyeing him from head to foot, "we've got better lookin' horse thieves nor him in Hoosier, an' less said about 'em, too."

MR. DINGLEY, editor of the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, having been drafted, announces his intention to take the field, and calls upon his delinquent patrons to settle up within the ten days allowed him before leaving.

BUSHWHACKING.—A rebel paper says:—"Unless we begin instantly to organise mounted men for home defence, and to adopt a system of signals by which they can be rallied at a moment's warning, we may rest assured that the late raids are but a foretaste of a feast of rapine which is soon to come in all parts of the land. Letter writers tell us that the Dutch farmers in Pennsylvania did a excellent business waiting business upon our forces, thereby saving a great deal of their property, and helping not a little to expel us from their soil. It is true that we are not wedded to property as Dutch Yankees are, and will not fight as hard to protect it; but for very shame and for the sake of southern manhood we might try to show at least as much spirit as the Pennsylvanians!"

☞ The Russian General Mouravieff is the author of a late atrocious edict condemning Polish ladies who wear mourning for their kindred who have fallen for Polish liberty to be flogged with rods or pay a fine of from twenty-three to one hundred roubles.

☞ The gentlest effort may put a wedding-ring upon the finger. A thousand horse-power may not scuffle to pull it off.

☞ The Western Indians are growing quite civilized. They have lately taken to robbing the mails.

☞ Little Archie was cautioned about holding his fork, as it came in close proximity to his eye, his mother telling him that he might put his eye out and be blind. He gave it a three year old consideration and a bright idea struck him. "Then, mamma," said he, triumphantly, "I could have a dog."

☞ I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing, in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor." But he straight received this answer, "Nay, my lord; these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of them whom we would part with for all your wealth."

THE BIRD'S TRAINING.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And he that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

☞ Connecticut is celebrated for its basswood hams, but Massachusetts is rather ahead on spruce veal. For a Deputy Sheriff in one of its towns posted up the following notice:—"Taken on execution and will be sold at auction on the 24th, one express wagon, one-individual half of a lot of spruce logs estimated to make forty-five feet of boards and two calves.

☞ There was a rumor in Paris, on the assertion of the Confederate envoy, that as soon as "this cruel war is over"—provided that the result is favorable to the Confederate cause—a nobility, consisting of Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Lord, with Baronet and Knight complete, is to be formed, and the great men who have distinguished themselves by their bravery and patriotism, are to be the recipients of the titles.

☞ "DANDY."—In the reign of Henry VIII., there was struck a small silver coin, of little value, called a dandy prat, "which" observes Bishop Fleetwood, "was the origin of the term dandy, applied to worthless and contemptible persons."

☞ The Andaman Islands must afford great attractions to those disposed to settle down to a simple life. A writer on that region says that "both sexes have no other clothing than a thick covering of soft mud, which is put on regularly every evening, to protect them against the bites of mosquitoes, ticks, and other tormentors."

☞ The West and the East now shake hands on the banks of the Mississippi. The glorious work began by the Western troops of Grant, has been finished by the New Englanders under Banks, and the great river is now open to the great West.

☞ RICH.—The Richmond Despatch thinks Lee only fell back from Gettysburg in order to take care of his numerous prisoners!

☞ The New York riot commencing as an outbreak against the conscription, soon degenerated into a riot of thieves and murderers. Thus it is that those who violently oppose the execution of one law open the way for the overthrow of all law.

☞ A lady in Avon, New York, had a swarm of bees gather on her sun bonnet. She took them to a hive and secured them without assistance.

☞ Gen. Pemberton admits that a rebel army of 50,000 men has been used up in the effort to hold Vicksburg.

☞ Stockings to "suit the feet" are now sold in London. They are like shoes, "rights and lefts." The inner edge of each is quite straight to the extremity of the great toe, while the outer is rounded off to the shape of the foot.

☞ Drafted men receive a bounty of $100 from the General Government. A substitute who gets $300 for taking the place of a drafted man therefore receives $402—quite a snug little sum, enough to buy a farm out West.

☞ Only those who have thoughts like lightning deserve to have a voice like thunder to utter them.

☞ Gravitation is the outspread hand of God forcing all things into their places and keeping them there.

☞ Jesus waited until thirty years of age in a carpenter's shop before He began His work, to teach us to wait, hardest lesson of all.

☞ Those who have proclaimed for a year past that "crinoline" is going out of fashion are mistaken. An English journal informs us that during the year 1862, 4,800,000 pounds weight of steel springs were devoted to this manufacture in France and one-half of that quantity in England.

☞ Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, lived a great portion of his life with a Spanish Jewess, viz: Jew Ann Fernandez.

☞ The plan of using steam on the common roads of the prairies at the west is attracting renewed attention, and a machine at Nebraska City is thought to be a success.

☞ The Vicksburg rebels lived several weeks upon mule meat. That's what made the rascals so stubborn.

☞ The newsboys make the most of the sensation head lines with which the telegraphic despatches are garnished. Seeing one little fellow unusually silent a friend of ours asked: "What's the news, my son?" "Oh, there's a whole lot of news, *but nothing to holler!*" News with "nothing to holler" is a bad fix for the newsboys.

☞ An officer in Banks's Department recently received a letter from his little daughter at home asking him to send her money with which to buy a new bonnet, to which he replied as follows:—

"I would send you a kiss, dear daughter,
As pure from a fond father's lips,
And as chaste as the drop of water
That fresh from an icicle drips;
But kisses thus sent in a letter
Would lose all their sweetness for thee,
And I know it would please thee far better
To receive a few greenbacks from me;
But as I am "hard up," and you not in need,
You will have to put up with the will for the deed;
I therefore send you this nice little sonnet,
Instead of the greenbacks to buy you a bonnet."

PREVENTING WITHOUT END.—A question a large capitalist, and one of the latest and useful inventions of the day, and especially in the daily issuing the paper during the process of manufacturing, is the paper is passed in such a manner that, when the paper is passed upon the inflated tyres, the chemical particles are obtained and a perfect impression in the paste. The advantage sought to be obtained is the saving of time and rollers; and by revolutionising printing machinery and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is claimed that the time occupied in impressing large quantities of paper will be reduced in comparison to the requirements of the present day. Objection is the "printer's devil" would thus become proverbial, and the time now wasted in making and distributing the rollers obviated. We have been informed this gentleman in some parts of his experiment, and further information is wished for at his own request, until letters Patent can be obtained.—*London Typographical Advertiser.*

WHOSE OX WAS GORED?—Here is an amusing example of the difference between whose ox was gored by whose bull. The Chesterfield (N. H.) Regis says that a walker maker in a neighboring town, up there, was in the habit of reading the daily papers aloud to his friends. Reading the riot news from New York, he stopped and said: "I died of it, hope they will oppose the draft through the whole country." Next day reading of the riot in Boston, he stopped and said: "Good! glad of it, glad of it." The next day reading the particulars of the commotion of property in New York, he read of a store broken into, stopped short, and said: "Great Heavens! that is the store where my wallets are sold. I want to know if there is not power enough in the Government of New York to stop a mob?"

☞ Buffon, it was once stated in conversation, had dissected a near relative. A lady, exclaiming against the unfeeling act, De Macran observed—"Why, madam, she was dead!" This remark reminds us of the French Princess who sat to Canova for her statue. A lady, to whom she spoke of the fact, inquired: "Did you not feel rather uncomfortable?" "Not at all," replied her Highness, "for of course there was a good fire in the room."

☞ The insignia of the corps which officers and men wear on their caps is as follows:—1st Army Corps, a sphere; 2d, a trefoil; 3d, a diamond or lozenge; 5th, a Maltese cross; 6th, plain cross; 11th, a crescent; 12th, a star.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	25.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE CAT AND THE PUPPIES.

A little, black cat-kin had five puppies, which were thought too many for her to bring up. As, however, the lloyd was much in request, the mistress of the house was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring some of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. The cook replied that the cat had that day kittened, and that, perhaps, two of the puppies might be substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were in a fortnight as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been; they had the use of their legs, barked, and gamboled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were shining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave hers her tail to play with, and they were always in motion; they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. When they were taken away the cat became inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel who was nursing the three other puppies. "Oh!" says Puss, putting up her back, "it is you who have stolen my children." "No," replied the spaniel, with a snarl, "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat; "I'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon the issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now it is very singular that she would have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of.

THE STOMACH AND THE MIND.

Much of our conduct depends, no doubt, upon the character of the food we eat. Perhaps, indeed, the nature of our meals governs the nature of our impulses more than we are inclined to admit, because none of us relish well the abandonment of our ideas of free agency. Bonaparte used to attribute the loss of one of his battles to a poor dinner, which, at the time, disturbed his digestion. How many of our misjudgments—how many of our deliberate errors—how many of our unkindnesses, our cruelties, our acts of thoughtfulness and recklessness may be actually owing to a cause of the same character? We eat something that deranges the condition of the system. Through the pneumogastric nerve that derangement immediately affects the brain. Moroseness succeeds amiability; and under its influence we do that which would shock our sensibility at any other moment. Or, perhaps, a gastric irregularity is the common result of an over-indulgence in wholesome food, or a moderate indulgence in unsuitable food. The liver is afflicted. In this affliction the brain profoundly sympathizes. The temper is soured; the understanding is narrowed; prejudices are strengthened; generous impulses are subdued; selfishness, originated by physical disturbances which perpetually distract the mind's attention, becomes a chronic mental disorder; the feeling of charity dies out; we live for ourselves alone; we have no care for others. And all this change of nature is the consequence of an injudicious diet.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish, stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial, remain silent and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

☞ At the entry of the cemetery of Gettysburg there is posted up a solemn "warning," which announces that a fine of $50 will be imposed upon any and all persons who injure the trees, deface the monuments, cut the trees, or shoot guns in the place. According to this, Generals Lee and Meade must owe that cemetery a pretty good bill.

CONSOLING.—"Mr. Poser, I have been with you three months, and you have not paid me. I am very poor, and deeply in debt for my board. My landlord says if I do not pay him to-day, he will put me in jail."

"Well, my boy," answered Poser, coolly, "you know if he puts you in jail you won't have to pay any board." This must have been consoling.

☞ A grand hunt has come off at Fontainebleau recently. A great number of visitors are staying at the *chateau*. The Empress (says a Paris letter) has made some curious sumptuary edicts this season, one of which is that, with the exception of the *Nagoria*, every visible article of ladies' clothing must be of the same color as her gown. For instance, a lady wearing a yellow dress, must wear also yellow boots, yellow gloves, yellow trimmings on her hat or bonnet, yellow cloak and a yellow parasol. Those wearing yellow, or lilac, or blue, or green, or pink, must form into distinct groups or regiments, so as to form a striking *coup d'œil*, and no lady must wear the same uniform twice while staying at the *chateau*.

☞ Let a man have a genius for spending, and whether his income be a dollar a day or a dollar a minute, it is equally certain to prove inadequate. The man who (being single) does not save money on six dollars a week, will not be apt to on sixty; and he who does not lay up something in the first year of independent exertion, will be pretty apt to wear a poor man's hair into his grave.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been dull and unsettled. Some 9000 bbls found buyers at $5,37½@5,50 for superfine, $5,50@5,75 for extras, $5,75@6,50 for extra family, and $6,75@7 per bbl for fancy do. The bulk of the sales of Ohio family, at $6@6,25 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour has been more active, and some 600 bbls sold at $4,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal comes in slowly, and is wanted at $4 for Pennsylvania and $4,20 ₱ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—There is more activity in the Wheat market. Sales reach about 40,000 bushels, at $1,35@1,45 for old western and Pennsylvania reds; $1,30@1,33 for inferior and choice new Pennsylvania and southern do, and $1,25@1,30 for white, the latter for new Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and selling in a small way at 86c@$1,00 for new and old. Corn is dull and lower, and only about 30,000 bushels found buyers at 69@ 78c for yellow, and 77@75c for western mixed. Oats are also unsettled and lower, with sales of 85,000 bushels to note, at 73@76c for old, and 63@60c for new. Of Barley and Malt the sales are small.

PROVISIONS.—There is little or nothing doing in bold Meats, and prices are nearly nominal. Mess Pork selling in a small way only at $20,50@21 ₱ bbl; 100 bbls old brought $21¼. Beef is steady at $12@15 ₱ bbl for Western and city Mess. Of Bacon the demand is mostly for hams, which are firmer, and selling at 11¾@12c; round plain brought 9@11c, and Shoulders at 8½@9c. Nothing doing in Sides. Green Meats are scarce, and the same mostly limited to Shoulders in salt at 8½@9½c. Pickled Hams are worth 10@105c, and salt do 8½@8½c ₱ lb. Lard is inactive at 10¾@10½c for bbls and tcs, and 11½@11¾c for kegs. Butter is dull, and the sales limited at 14@18c for Penna and Ohio, and Goshen at 20@22c. Cheese is scarce at 10@12½c, the latter for choice New York dairies. Eggs are unsettled, and selling at 10@11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—There has been rather more inquiry, and the market is firmer and more active, with sales of 600 bales, mostly at 62@63c, cash, the latter for good Middlings.

ASHES continue unsettled and the demand for both kinds limited.

BARK.—There is not much Quercitron offering, and about 50 hhds 1st No 1 sold at $26@30 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark the sales are moderate at about $14 for Chestnut, and $18 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is dull and neglected at 44@45c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The market is unsettled. The demand both for shipment and home use has fallen off.

COFFEE.—The sales are limited to some 300 bags, taken in small lots, at 27@29c for Rio and 30@33c for Laguayra, cash and 4 months.

COPPER is unchanged and dull.

FEATHERS are scarce, and selling in a small way at 44@50c ₱ lb, for fair to good Western.

FRUIT.—The sales are mostly confined to green fruit, which is arriving and selling more freely and brings fair prices.

HAY moves off as wanted at 80c to $1,10 the 100 lbs for new and old.

HEMP.—There is little or no stock in first hands, and prices are unsettled.

HOPS continue dull and neglected, and prices range at 17@22c ₱ lb, the latter for 1st sort for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is dull and neglected at 44@45c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The market is unsettled. The demand both for shipment and home use has fallen off.

COFFEE.—The sales are limited to some 300 bags, taken in small lots, at 27@29c for Rio and 30@33c for Laguayra, cash and 4 months.

COPPER is unchanged and dull.

FEATHERS are scarce, and selling in a small way at 44@50c ₱ lb, for fair to good Western.

FRUIT.—The sales are mostly confined to green fruit, which is arriving and selling more freely and brings fair prices.

HAY moves off as wanted at 80c to $1,10 the 100 lbs for new and old.

HEMP.—There is little or no stock in first hands, and prices are unsettled.

HOPS continue dull and neglected, and prices range at 17@22c ₱ lb, the latter for 1st sort for Spanish Oak.

IRON.—Prices of Anthracite Pig are nominal at from $30 to 35 for the three numbers. For Manufactured the demand is limited for Rails.

LEAD.—The market is dull and unsettled.

LUMBER.—The receipts and sales are moderate, and the market steady at $21½@26 for White Pine, $20@23 for Yellow or Sap Boards. Of Raft Hemlock Scantling sales are reported at $10@11 ₱ M. Shingles are unchanged.

MOLASSES is firm, but quiet, and the sales mostly confined to small lots Cuba and New Orleans at fully former rates.

PLASTER is dull, with light arrivals and sales at 83,75@4 ₱ ton.

RICE is unsettled and lower; sales of 800 bags are reported at 7¾@8c, mostly at 7¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—There is little or no demand for Cloverseed, prices are nominal, at $5,50@5,75 ₱ bushel. Timothy seed is quiet, 400 bushels good and prime quality sold at $2,25@2,50, and some inferior at $1,90 ₱ bushel. Flaxseed is scarce.

SPIRITS.—The market for Foreign continues dull and weak; sales of N. E. Rum in store at 65@ 66c; Whiskey is rather lower, barrels selling slowly at about 47c, and drudge at 45@45½c.

SUGAR.—The market is firmer, and holders generally are asking ¼c advance; sales reach 600 hhds at 10¾@11c for Cuba, 10¾@12c for New Orleans, and 11¼@12¼c for Porto Rico, mostly of the former, on time.

TALLOW is lower, further declined, and sales are reported at 9½@10c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—There is little or nothing doing in either leaf or manufactured to alter quotations.

WOOL.—The new clip comes in slowly, a few small lots have been disposed of at 70@75c for fleece, and 75@78c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1965 head. The prices realized were from 7½ to 11¾c ₱ lb. 130 Cows brought from $30 to 35 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5½c ₱ lb gross. 670 Hogs at from $7,00 to 8,25 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER, 119 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Post Boy Building, Boston.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Main St., Cincinnati.
GEO. R. LEWIS, 99 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally, throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ The absurdity of the story does not prevent the currency among the newspapers of the report set a going by some Washington "Jenkins," that the Secretary of the Treasury and his daughters are on their way to Newport, there to meet a Rhode Island Senator, who, at that fashionable watering place, is to marry one of them. Miss Chase is betrothed to Senator Sprague, but it is not likely that they will be married in such a way as "Jenkins" describes. The lady's father has a house in Washington, and when his daughter is married, it will probably be under his roof.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

Dr. Radway may truly be called the poor man's friend. He gives relief to the poor sick man's health without loss of time, or any hardship to the expense of a doctor. Let every one keep a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief in the house, and on the first appearance of pain use it. Pain is a premonitory symptom of disease, and if the Relief is used promptly it will in a few moments stop the pain, and break up the disease. There is no occasion for a man, however exposed to sickness, to suffer one day if the Ready Relief is used when pain is first experienced.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of July, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOSEPH UMPSTEAD, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss EMMA MERVINE, both of this city.

On the 8th of July, by the Rev. A. Mickard, Mr. LEWIS L. KNAUSE, of this city, to Miss R. A. CHANDLER, formerly of Moorestown, N. J.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. T. Brainard, Mr. JOHN A. HENRY, to Miss SALLIE E. WILLIS, both of this city.

On the 17th of July, by the Rev. F. Church, Mr. JOHN THOMPSON, to Miss JANE AIKIN, both of Ireland.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. John Allen, JAMES B. LUKENS, to SARAH L. DENO, both of this city.

On the 3d of May, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. THOMAS K. HINSHILLWOOD, to Miss MARY J. MCLEMENTS, both of this city.

In Philadelphia, on the 27th of June, by the Rev. Robert H. Pattison, Mr. JAMES F. MCDONALD, to Miss ADALINE WARD, both of Bordentown, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Germantown, on the 28th of July, MARY HAYE, relict of Geo. Hoff, in her 82d year.

On the 30th of July, WILLIAM H. DENNIS, aged 55 years.

On the 28th of July, MRS. HANNAH MARTIN, in her 72d year.

On the 27th of July, CHARLES LAWRIE, in his 65th year.

On the 27th of July, WILLIAM M. KENNEDY, in his 16th year.

On the 30th of July, AUGUSTUS STUTZER, in his 54th year.

On the 26th of July, SAMUEL BOZARTH, of Co. G, of Col. Smith's regt., aged 37 years.

On the 25th of July, FRANCES EPPRIGHT, widow of the late Benj. McKenzie, in her 35th year.

On the 28th of July, MARGARET, wife of Wm. Guy, aged 53 years.

On the 24th of July, Capt. EDWARD G. WISE, in his 60th year.

On the 24th of July, REBECCA M. CRAWFORD, in her 25d year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 1, 1863.

Alabama	30 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Arkansas,	44 gross.	Missouri,	5 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New England,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	par.	New Hampshire,	par to 1 dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	1 dis.
Georgia,	— dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	— dis.	North Carolina,	10 dis.
Indiana,	3 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	par.
Kansas,	— dis.	Pennsylvania,	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky,	10 dis.	Rhode Island,	2 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	10 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 1 dis.	Texas,	— dis.
Massachusetts,	par.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	85 dis.
Minnesota,	— dis.	Wisconsin,	3 dis.

AGENTS AND SOLDIERS.

Agents wanted everywhere, from $5 to $15 a day guaranteed. Send along your name and the names of your friends.

☞ I will pay any person $1 for each extra name they send that will act as an agent.

Write plain the names, Post Office, County, and State. If a soldier, the name, company, regiment and location. Address

F. S. NORDON,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

FOR THE

CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

WITHERS & PETERSON,

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

STOCK and EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS BOUGHT and SOLD, and Sold at Board of Brokers this evening.

GOLD, TREASURY NOTES, constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

CURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collections of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. may8-1y

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is of so common occurrence, may be entirely prevented by the use of

PHALON'S COCOE,
PHALON'S COCOE,
PHALON'S COCOE,
PHALON'S COCOE,
PHALON'S COCOE,
PHALON'S COCOE,
PHALON'S COCOE,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL,
FOR THE HAIR,
FOR THE HAIR,
FOR THE HAIR,
FOR THE HAIR,
FOR THE HAIR,
FOR THE HAIR,
FOR THE HAIR.

Principal Depot 517 Broadway, New York. For sale by all fancy dealers and grocers.

SMALL BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.

TO PRESERVE AND IMPROVE THE HUMAN HAIR.

The only article discovered for promoting the health and strength of the Hair, and giving the Hair a rich and glossy appearance, is PHALON & SON'S COCOIN, and we recommend all to buy it.—*Philadelphia Press.* my22-3m

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS 20 CENTS each. 5 for $1. Catalogues on receipt of stamp. All different. "Box 28," Hawley, Pa. jy25-3t

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.

The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of the Horses, Cattle and Sheep in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and though this name your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.

WM. RALSTON,—Dear sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and a good a preparation as there is in the market.

HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterany Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.

Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co., 202 Broadway, New York.
DYOTT & Co., 232 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.

jy11-6m

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A CONSUPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO.,

jy11-13t 225 N. SECOND St., Philada. Pa.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

THE GREAT FARMER'S PATENT

B. FRANK PALMER,

Graduate of the Medical College of Ohio, and Hospital Physician of New Haven, has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1009 Chestnut St., Philada.—1009.

THREE SQUARES WEST of the OLD STAND.

This Establishment, created at great expense for the benefit of sufferers only, is now open for the reception of patients, who will receive the most skilful treatment for the cure of all Diseases of a Private Nature, Impediments to Marriage, Nervousness, Debility, Affections of the Throat, Nose, Skin, Blood, Kidneys, Bladder, Organs of Generation, &c., &c., whether arising from the indiscretion or exposure of youth, the excesses of manhood, or the decline of age, and a perfect cure guaranteed in every case undertaken. Persons at a distance may rely with confidence upon the same skill and attention as if they were personally present. Medicines sent to all parts of the country. Call or send for a circular. Consultation free, and strictly confidential. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
1009 Chestnut St., Philada.

jy18-3m

SURGEON-GENERAL HAMMOND,

By ordering Calomel and destructive minerals from the supply tables, has conferred a blessing on our sick soldiers. Let him not stop here. Let him order the discontinuance of Mercurials, and the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the place thereof. They will do more to "save the army" in the practice of Medicine, which would then become emphatically

THE HEALING ART.

I have for thirty years taught that no diseased action could be cured by mercury or tartar emetic. That the human body could only be made "whole" by "vegetable food"—Animal food being, in fact, condensed vegetables. BRANDRETH'S PILLS should be in every Military Hospital. These Pills cure BILIOUS DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DYSENTERY, and all Fevers and Affections of the Bowels, sooner and more surely than any medicine in the world. BRANDRETH'S PILLS in these cases should be taken night and morning. Read directions and get new style.

CASE OF ROSCOE K. WATSON.

Dr. B. Brandreth,—New York:

Sir:—I was a private in Co. F, 17th Regiment, New York Vols. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock near Falmouth, I and many of the Company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The Army Surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the Company were quite a number of members who had worked in your Laboratory at Sing Sing. They were well, and, knowing the value of Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the Pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. Three of the boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds, rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health.

Out of gratitude to you for my good health, I send you this letter, which if necessary, the entire company would sign.

I am, respectfully yours,
ROSCOE K. WATSON, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Principal Office, 294 Canal Street, New York.

jy25-cow2t

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.—An instantaneous remedy for chronic rheumatism, headache, toothache, croup, colic, quinsey, sore throat, and pains in any part of the body. Try a bottle and be convinced. Remember this article is a success, not an experiment—for 14 years it has been tested. Every one who uses it recommends it. No medicine ever had such a reputation as this; silently it has worked its way before the public, and all are loud in its praise. "Chronic rheumatism." Thousands who laid for weeks on a bed of agony, and never walked without the aid of crutches, with this complaint can testify to the magical effects of this liniment. They are cured and proclaim its virtues throughout the land. Remember relief is certain, and a positive cure is sure to follow. Headache of all kinds we warrant to cure. Putrid sore throat, quinsey and diptheria are robbed of their terrors by a timely use of the Venetian Liniment. It has saved hundreds the past three months.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

jy25-cow2t

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. H. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteing a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

DR. H. C. PERRY,
my30-13t 49 Bond Street, New York.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN—A NEW MEDICAL WORK.—Every person, male and female, should have a copy. Sent free to any address. Address BOX 2729, Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa. jy4-13t

NOT ALCOHOLIC!

A HINT TO TEMPERANCE VEGETABLE COMPANY.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

DR. C. M. JACKSON,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

PHYSICIANS

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
JOSEPH L. LYON,
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietor.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in Every Town in the United States. ap18-cow2y.

Wit and Humor.

THE BAD-SHOOTIN DOCTER AT THE WAR.

BY MEXICAN.

"Fur they shant take like a bull of Bashin, and tear around a seekin' what they may devour." This tex, my brethering, is one of them blessed interjections which come to a mellerin' sinner like hot hecathes of a cold mornin'; and as you all know it, or aughter, if you don't, there's no use for me to say wher it may be found, so long as it is somewher between Dan and Beersheber, inside of the kiver of the book upon which I am now thumpkins', because my ole doin' would be only reworkin' those who are too mortified or too lazy to git pested. "Fur they shall holler like a bull of Bashin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divour."

I ain't no wish, my brethering, to exalt my mortin or those of the dinomination to which I belong, but I leave it to any sober man in this assembly whether it isn't allers acknowledged in the state of Illinois, where I come from, that though they hain't no pretensions to larnin', and don't make whatsomever, yet that the regular Hard-shell Baptist kin make the fur fly further out of a single tex of Scripture than any of your grand officeied preachers. "Fur they shall holler like a bull of Bashin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divour." Now, who is it is meant by that portion of our tex where it says, "and they shall holler like a bull of Bashin?" And who are a bull of Bashin? Why, it is as plain to them that has got understandin', my brethering, as a gaily to a bob-tailed horse in the sunshine, that this here expression of the Profit is intended for them disregardful wretches that waller in their wealth like a porker in a sweet potato patch, while the honest and industrious expounders of the gospil is acterally faintin' for want of the little likker their necessities require. Sich men is everywhere, my brethering, and there is more nor one at this blessed instant a listenin' to the words of your preacher, who would be much the better for follerin' his teachin's. Yes, my brethering, I want you to know that I speak to all—to all mankind in general, but my words are addressed expectually to them that comes back from scoutins and bein' on picket with a wagon-load of plunder, and guzzles every bit of it down their sinful throats, without offerin' either to their comrades, or to their sheperd, enough thereof for to keep the life in a sick kitten—to these deluded sinners I want to explain that if there is one thing which the Scriptures is especially down on, it is this abominable sin of meanness. A mean man, my brethering, ain't got hardly soul enough to be saved, yet when the day shall come when the Apostle's horn shall be a twangin' in his ears, he will find his knees a knockin' and tremblin' with fear, when he remembers how much behindhand he is in his contribution for the support of his sheperd, and how also he has refused to divide with him the spile of the enemy; and then he will find that though he hain't got no great shakes in the way of soul, yet that the little he has is in a darned bad way. And he may call and call, my brethering, but he has passed afore, and when his hand is shown, his pile is raked down, and he is most everlastingly busted. "Fur they shall holler like a bull of Bashin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divour."

And who is a bull of Bashin?

This portion of my tex, my brethering, I ain't ashamed fur to say came very near a knockin' your beloved preacher endwise; but as he ain't one of them kind of fellows that is easy overcome, he has tugged and sweated over this here tex, harder, my brethering, than he ever did a gettin' a flatboat up the Mississippi, till it has become as plain as the sinfulness of human natur', that the Profit could only have meant scosh—for scosh, my brethering, is worse nor say bull about this here period. I tell, my hearers, that when one of these miserable and deluded critters sees a row of Western bagonets in his front, a sweepin' on and on, wavin' and shinin' like a corn-field in the wind, he doesn't feel as comfortable as he used to was by a most tremendous sight, and takes the back track without further argument, hollerin' vociferously. True, they shall "holler like a bull of Bashin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divour."

"A seekin' what they may divour," they scramble around, but no matter what they may do, either old Grant or Rosecrans kin allers see that, and go them a few better. And so, my brethren, while they have been a gouging and stealin', a plunderin' and a running away all over in Kaintuck, we have been rallin' around the dear old flag till we have made them see sights and smell thunder—yes, old brimstone sloo—in all directions, till they have promiscuously shedelled into their fortifications, never to return no more. "Fur they shall holler like a bull of Bashin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divour." And though, my brethering, I never would have believed that I should wish to be keen in my old age exgumdite of the Scripture from the end of an army wagon, with Uncle Sam on my hat and a musket in my hand, and yet I felt as all worthy Hard-shell Baptists oughter feel, and does feel, that the chapters, in times of difficulty and danger, ought not hang back and keep all the wit out of the skrimmage, but should lend them helpin' in them of needs, and so I obleeged accordingly.

Therefore, my brethering, I do exhort you to go on and give them miserable cusses particular fits, keep up your spirits, and divide the plunder fair with your president, and we will come out ahead and the rebils no what. We do beat 'em—we must allers beat 'em. How can any man fight, my brethering, with whiskey at $10 a gallon, and such miserable stuff, at that, that a single swaller from a canteen on the field of battle nearly turned your beloved preacher inside out? They can't do it—human nature can't do it—they must continue to run before us like rats afore a tarrier, or a shell agoing down hill, till they fetch up on the other side of Jordan, and we will go gloriously down through Dixie, shouting Hallelujah fur the Union, while they are "hollerin' like a bull of Bashin, and tearin' around a seekin' what they may divour."

THE STREET CAR.

Riding along Girard avenue, Philadelphia, a few days since, in a horse-car, among the passengers (and there were but few of them) was a tall, dark, nervous-looking man, with much tobacco in his mouth, and considerable saliva on his shirt bosom and vest. He was an impatient man, and as the car crept along at a snail's pace, his jaws worked furiously, and he spit tremendously, while he cast angry glances at the conductor and driver, who were "laying back" for more passengers.

When the car reached Tenth street, and the nervous man found that the speed was not increased, he called to the conductor, compelled the latter to bend his head as though to receive a communication of some moment, and then hoarsely whispered—

"How much do you get for the job?"

"Sir?" replied the conductor, and looked at the man as though desirous of enlightenment.

"How much for the job?" again asked the nervous man. "Does it come cheaper than hacks?"

A wild stare was the only answer.

"Whose body is it?" continued the nervous man, stuffing a fresh piece of tobacco into his mouth.

"Body, sir! What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, ain't this car following a hearse?"

"No, sir," answered the astonished conductor.

"Oh! I thought it was, judging by the speed."

The conductor spoke to the driver, and the car went ahead with a rush, and the nervous man smiled and enjoyed his quid.

A New Measure for Lager.—Not long since the keeper of a lager beer saloon was arrested upon a charge of selling intoxicating liquor without license, when he attempted to prove that the Teutonic beverage was not an intoxicating drink.

A number of witnesses who had amply tested its qualities, were called one after another, until finally an old German named W——, took the stand, and the question was propounded to him:

"Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?"

"Vell," replied W——, "sah for dat I cant say. I drinkah footy or sexty glasshes a day, and it never hurtah me; put I don't know how it would pe if a man vash to make a hog of hisself."

Obstinate Juror.—A novel mode of bringing an obstinate juror to his senses was adopted recently at Santa Cruz. He held out against the other eleven, who had promptly agreed upon a verdict of guilty. After an hour of argument with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of "guilty, by eleven jurymen, who believe the other one to be a confederate of the prisoner, and as great a rascal." This ended it. The obstinate juror saw twenty vigilance committees in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty.

Letters to Soldiers.—A returned soldier, making a report to a religious society, said: "I wish to speak of one way in which you can do great good to your soldier friends in the army. Write to them many letters. I am a sergeant, and so I have had much to do with the mails of our regiments. I know that when a mail arrives, every man looks for a letter. All are looking. They want to hear from home. They think they ought to be remembered. And when the mail comes in, bringing no letters from loved ones at home, I have seen men become exasperated under the bitter disappointment, and take to gambling and drinking, and anything to kill time. They will do these things out of spite. They will say, 'Our friends at home care nothing for us, and they must not blame us if we care nothing for them.' And so they will attempt to drown their sorrow in the indulgence of some kind of vice. If you could know how much good, kind, Christian letters from fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and wives and sweethearts do to soldiers, in comforting, restraining and encouraging them, I think you would not be slow to write such letters to them. Oh! if you would save them from ruin, write many letters. Then they feel that your eye is upon them, and they are restrained from falling into many sins."

Old Floppers "won't be bothered" with his basket of fish, as he has only time for one more cast in his favorite pool.

THE TWO MISERS.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither and presented himself to the great master as an humble commencer in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome," said the miser of Bassora; "we will straight go to the market to make some purchases."

They went to the baker.

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They then went to the butter-merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this also," said the host to his guest; "oil is compared with the best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

The next they went to the oil vender.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality; white and transparent as water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "by this rule water is the very best. Now at home I have a palitul, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you."

And indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised," said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain."

A Valuable Bucket.—Among the many curious modes of making money in Australia, none, I think, surpasses the following:—A surgeon told me that he went one day into the tent of a brother medicus, on the Bendigo, just as the patient was going out.

"I have been stopping a tooth," said the surgeon.

"Do you get good cement here?" inquired my friend.

"Admirable!" replied the surgeon. "I saw an old gutta-percha bucket selling in a lot of old tools one day at auction. I bought the lot for the sake of the bucket, which cost me five shillings. I have already stopped some hundreds of teeth with the gutta-percha at a guinea each, and shall, no doubt, stop thousands with it before the old bucket is used up. It is a fortune to me. My name is up for an unrivalled dentist, and they come to me far and near."—*Life in Melbourne.*

☞ Truth and its Developments.—A philosopher should aim solely at truth, and should refuse to estimate the practical tendency of his speculations. If they are true, let them stand; if they are false, let them fall. But whether they are agreeable or disagreeable, consolatory or disheartening, safe or mischievous, is a question not for philosophers, but for practical men. Every new truth which has ever been propounded has for a time caused mischief; it has produced discomfort, and often unhappiness, sometimes by disturbing social or religious arrangements, and sometimes merely by the disruption of old and cherished associations of thought.—*Buckle.*

MY LOVE.

They said:—Thy harp we hear no more;
Why are its chords so mute?
I answered:—Let the free heart pour
Its songs through harp and lute;
Mine is enchained; it broods and sighs—
It lives alone in dreams:
The world, to these love-saddened eyes,
Now but a desert seems.

They said:—If love bring so much pain,
Pray heaves thou may'st be free!
I answered:—Prayer were all in vain,
And free I would not be!
My angel knows not I am hers,
She knows not she is mine;
For all that Infinite Heaven confers
I would not make one sign!

They said:—Then surely art thou mad;
And well if thou wert dead!
I answered:—Soon that wish were had,
Were her sweet spirit fled!
She is my all!—for her I live:
With her, oh, might I die!
Ah! eager, earth-sick fugitive!—
My Heaven would with me fly!

J. W. M.

Useful Receipts.

Whooping Cough.—The Philadelphia Ledger has the two following receipts:—

The following has proved a sure relief wherever tried, viz.: Take green garlic and pound it up, soak in whiskey, and bathe the spine well. It has been known to cure where all other appliances failed.

Forty grains of salts of tartar and twenty grains of cochineal, dissolved in a half pint of water, to be well *sweetened* with *loaf sugar.* Dose, four teaspoonsful per day. The above recipe has been given to hundreds with the happiest effect.

Temperance Cake.—Take two pounds of wheat flour, three-fourths of a pound of fresh lard or butter, one pound of powdered white sugar, one nutmeg grated. After the flour and butter have been incorporated, lay the sugar in, and pour upon it a small teaspoonful of saleratus, previously dissolved in a large tablespoonful of boiling water; have well beaten six eggs, and with a spoon incorporate them all well together, till it can be moulded with the hands; roll it thin, cut with a tumbler, and bake in a few minutes in a quick oven without turning.

Ginger Nuts.—1 quart molasses, ½ butter, ½ brown sugar, 2 oz. ginger, 2 oz. coriander, carroway, and allspice, mixed.

Napoleon's Mode of Making Coffee.—The late Emperor Napoleon, who was a great amateur of coffee, is said to have given instructions to his cook to prepare it in the following way:—For three or four persons, two ounces of recently burst and ground coffee are put into an ample coffee pot of the ordinary kind, with a small piece of isinglass; this is held over the fire and shaken by the hand so as to prevent the burning of the coffee; when a smoke is seen to issue from the pot, water, at the boiling point is poured upon it in a sufficient quantity to supply six breakfast cups, in the proportion of one-third of coffee to two-thirds of milk, the coffee pot is taken from the fire before the water is added, but being heated, the coffee boils gently as the pot is held in the hand, the ebullition is sufficient to bring out all the fine properties of the coffee without carrying off the aroma; a cup is then poured out and returned again to the pot, to allow the powder to precipitate, and in two or three minutes the coffee is perfectly clear, and is used with boiling milk. Some of the best families in Paris now adopt this plan.

Agricultural.

TEETHING IN HORSES.

There is no doubt that many young colts suffer as much pain in cutting their teeth as in the case of children; and the pain does not always arise, as some persons suppose, from irritation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, occasioned by the point of the tooth, but frequently from pressure on, and irritation of, the dental nerve. The remedy (*instead of tormenting the suffering creature with a red hot iron for the purpose of "burning out the lampus," as some persons profess to do*) is a common thumb lancet. Make an incision through the *gum*, or mucous membrane of the mouth, in the region of the tusks or incisors, wherever the difficulty may be, and relief is almost immediate. This is a sure remedy to relieve local distention of the mucous membrane of the mouth, if it exist, and at the same time prevents the fang of the tooth from irritating the dental nerve.

Sharp and Projecting Teeth.—Owing to the unequal wear of some horse's teeth, they become sharp on the outside margins, and are then apt to irritate and perhaps lacerate the buccal membrane of the cheeks. Should this be the case, we generally find that the salivary secretion is augmented, mastication is imperfect, and the subject generally loses flesh, and appears unthrifty. The remedy is a moth rasp. By means of this instrument, the sharp and projecting edges may be smoothed.

Inflamed and Tender Mouth.—Inflammation, tenderness, and tumefaction of the horse's mouth arising from whatever cause it may, generally indicates the application of cooling and *astringent* lotions; and light diet of bran mashes, *cooling lotion*, composed of solution of hydrochlorate of ammonia, or chlorate potasss, are indicated when the mouth is hot or inflamed. A tender mouth, accompanied by corrugation and relaxation of the soft palate, known as "*lampas*" requires a few applications of some *astringent* lotion, made of alum, gum catechu, raspberry leaves, white oak bark, or diluted tincture of muriate of iron.—*Dr. Dadd in Prairie Farmer.*

A HINT WORTH KNOWING.

For a year we have been on the point of cautioning our readers against coloring their fences with coal tar. We have indulged our own fancy with this tar—for black is a favorite color with us for lawn or garden fences; but in this indulgence, the first cost, which is quite considerable, is not the only expense to incur. There is a much greater expense, which is the destruction of the fence itself by reason of the tar! It would seem that, in addition to the increased heat attracted by the color, there is something in the tar itself which causes the speedy crumbling away of the hemlock boards by a species of dry rot. We were greatly surprised when we discovered the fact, as it completely upset our ideas on the subject. Instead of its being a destroyer as it turns out to be, we expected the tar to be a preserver of the fence, especially as it was applied hot and in large quantity.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Swedish Oats.—A specimen of very heavy black oats was some months since received by the Commissioner of Agriculture from Dr. Charles A. Lee, American Consul at Stockholm. Their weight was considerably more than forty pounds per bushel, and their appearance so promising as a healthy and hardy variety, that an order was given for a quantity for distribution among farmers. The ost crop has suffered much, of late years from disease and deterioration of seed, and new seed may possibly prove an immense enhancement to the value of the crop. The price of oats is now very high; their use in preference to corn is absolutely essential to the health and vigor of horses, and a greatly increased production is a very decided requisite of the agricultural industry of the country.

Fallen Fruit.—Never permit green fruit to decay on the soil beneath the trees. In every apple, pear, plum, and cherry, which is prematurely cast, there exists a minute insect, which eats its way out in time, and becomes the source of evil to the succeeding crop. Gather up, and either feed them to your domestic animals, or dispose of them in some way which will secure your against the results which must necessarily ensue from neglect. Swine turned into orchards the last of June, and permitted to have access till the fruit is gathered, afford a good protection against insects, by destroying the wormy fruit that produces them.

Cows.—I make a point to get those with a good yellow skin, the quality of the milk being very essential in the making of good butter, that of a fine yellow color always having the preference, and such butter cannot be made from cows with pale colorless skin.

☞ A burglar who broke into a house at Euclid Creek, Ohio, during the absence of the family and pocketed spoons and other "portable property," in getting out of the window stepped on an insecure cover of a cistern, broke through and was drowned.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 68 letters.
My 1, 34, 17, 51, 23, 33, is a mineral.
My 6, 35, is a Latin conjunction.
My 7, 30, 14, 62, 39, is an English money.
My 13, 63, 62, 34, is a measure.
My 60, 25, 67, 8, 53, 41, is a *cooper's* tool.
My 32, 46, 66, is a kind of tree.
My 36, 66, 13, 44, 2, is a precious stone.
My 24, 12, 9, 42, 61, 47, is a *cancer's* instrument.
My 28, 15, 69, 4, 31, 39, 34, is a Republic.
My 26, 64, 66, 54, 58, 59, is an important part of a ladder.
My 38, 51, 27, 61, is a kind of fish.
My 42, 66, 11, 55, 18, 39, 37, is a color.
My 37, 49, 58, is a useful pin to the sailor.
My 60, 5, 45, 22, 28, 48, is an European sea-green.
My 65, 44, 56, 2, 54, 16, 31, is a mineral.
My 27, 17, 52, 10, 50, is a musical instrument.
My whole is a couplet from one of Cowper's poems.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 4, 5, 14, 6, 8, is an article of food.
My 3, 12, 10, is a thing useful to school children.
My 13, 2, 6, 8, is a metal.
My 1, 11, 7, 9, is what landlords like to receive.
My whole is the name of a distinguished Philadelphia artist. B. B. ADDISON.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My form though inactive, is ever in motion,
Unshaken I stand on the breast of the ocean,—
But yet it is true, though strange to tell—
In the waves or the waters, I never do dwell.

You will find me by searching the crystal fountain,
Likewise near the centre of the towering mountain;
In the earth or the air, you never can behold me—
Though lost in the ether, the heavens will hold me.

I'm sportive and lively in dull melancholy,
A subject to fashion, to Ann and to Molly;
But, oh! how unfortunate, what a great pity,
My presence is banished from every city!

To man do I prove an invaluable blessing;—
Now name me, 'twill cost but a trifling guessing,—
I'll be seen in a *moment*, there's not the least doubt,
But if studiously sought for, I'm never found out!

Captain L. B. CHESTER.
Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

I went into the woods and got it; I sat down and looked for it; and, not being able to discover it, brought it home with me;—what was it?

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a *fly* in the lower corner of a room, which room is 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 16 feet high; what is the shortest distance for the fly to go, in order to reach the upper and opposite corner? ANDROS.
Mount Carroll, Ill.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man being asked the time of day, replied, that, if to 1-3 of the time from now till midnight you add 17-35 of the time past noon you will have the time of day. Required—the time of day? E. M. BERGSTRESSER.
Kenton, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

ANAGRAMS ON GIRL'S NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cigar.	Let sal.
Breath.	Mix ale.
Charle,	*Mary.*
Dat am li'!	O! the road!
A lice!	Soll.
Gamed.	Via nail.
Heel pan.	Vain eel.
Ho! Cel!	Zel, I hate L!

Capt. L. B. CHESTER.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

DARK CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a short negro like a white man? Ans.—Because he is not a tall (at all) black.

☞ Why is a negro with no hair on the top of his head like a candidate for a club who has been rejected by its members? Ans.—Because he's a black-bald individual.

☞ Why would negroes make excellent confidential secretaries? Ans.—Because they would always be able to keep dark.

☞ Why would negro troops be apt to do better in supporting a fort than in attacking it? Ans.—Because they have always been brought up to admire and support a Garrison.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—"Are there to great resentments in heavenly minds." RIDDLE—"One to-day is worth two to-morrows."

Answer to R. Burto's PROBLEM published June 20th—Abscissa measures 24 feet, and double ordinate 36 feet; E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and Invalid.

Answer to PROBLEM by Jakir, published April 4th—supposing the force of gravity to be 16 1-12 feet, and the velocity of sound 1142 feet per second, the person must be 81087 177-192 feet high. Gill Bates, Hopeville, Clarke county, Iowa.